Saturday Night

SEPT. 29TH 1956 TEN CENTS

Prosperity's Face: Alberta's Story Of A Decade

BY JOHN A. IRVING

What Quebec Thinks About Corruption

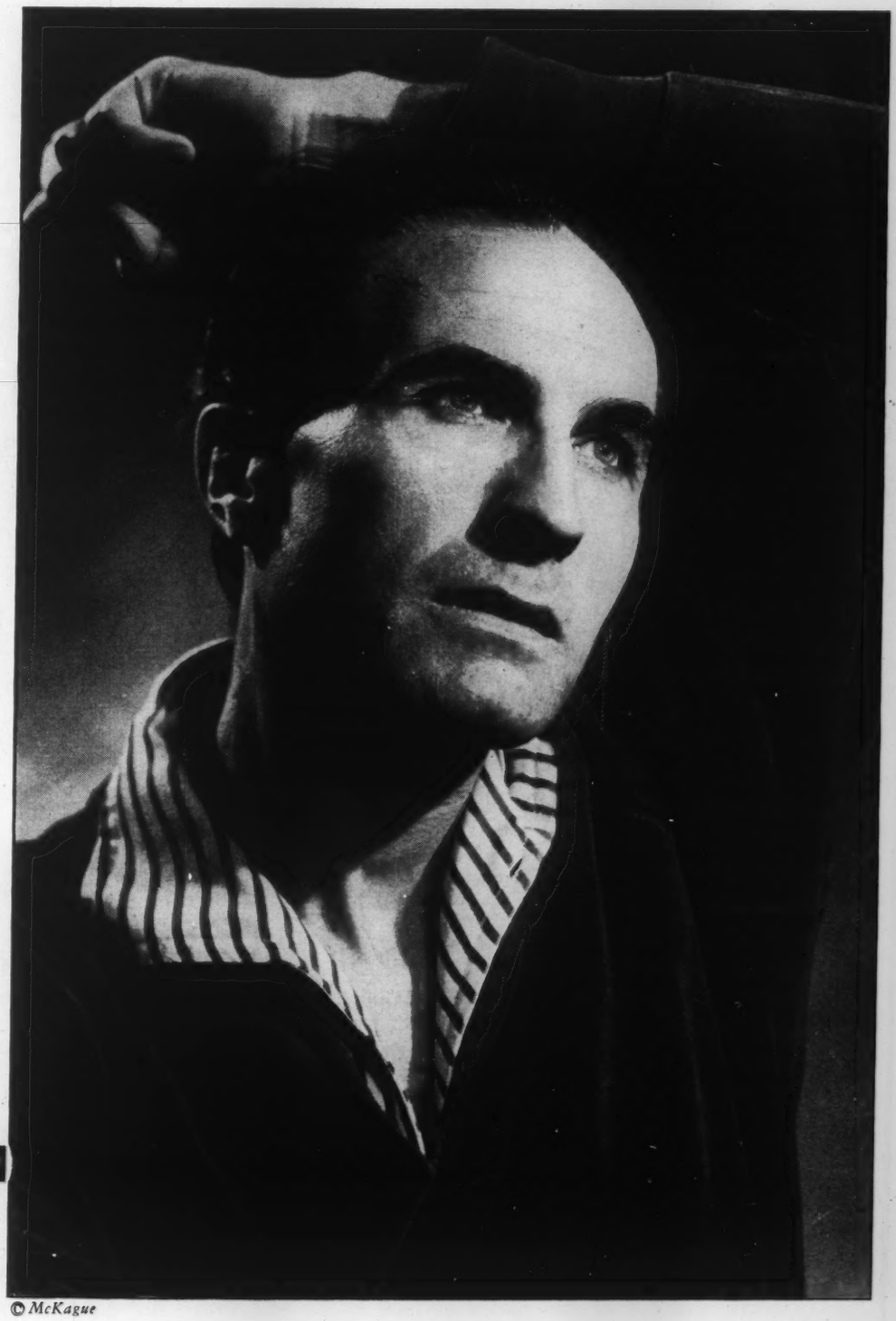
BY BRIAN CAHILL

Racial Struggle In U.S. Politics

BY MAX FREEDMAN

Supply Lifeline Of The Northwest

BY DAVID OANCIA



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Actor Barry Morse: Page 17

Where does he bank?

This young teen-ager is a man of property. Among his assets he counts a 3-speed bicycle, a perfectly broken-in catcher's mitt, a hutch full of hamsters, and a good-sized savings account, steadily-growing with interest, at our local branch of The Canadian Bank of Commerce. That's how we came to know him. Our enterprising young account holder will turn a job into a career, one day. He will still be saving with us, and we will be able to help him with the many banking problems he'll encounter when he starts a business of his own. This alert, energetic youngster is typical of the many people destined for success who like to deal with The Canadian Bank of Commerce. Stop by and open a savings account soon — anyone in any of our branches will be glad to help you.

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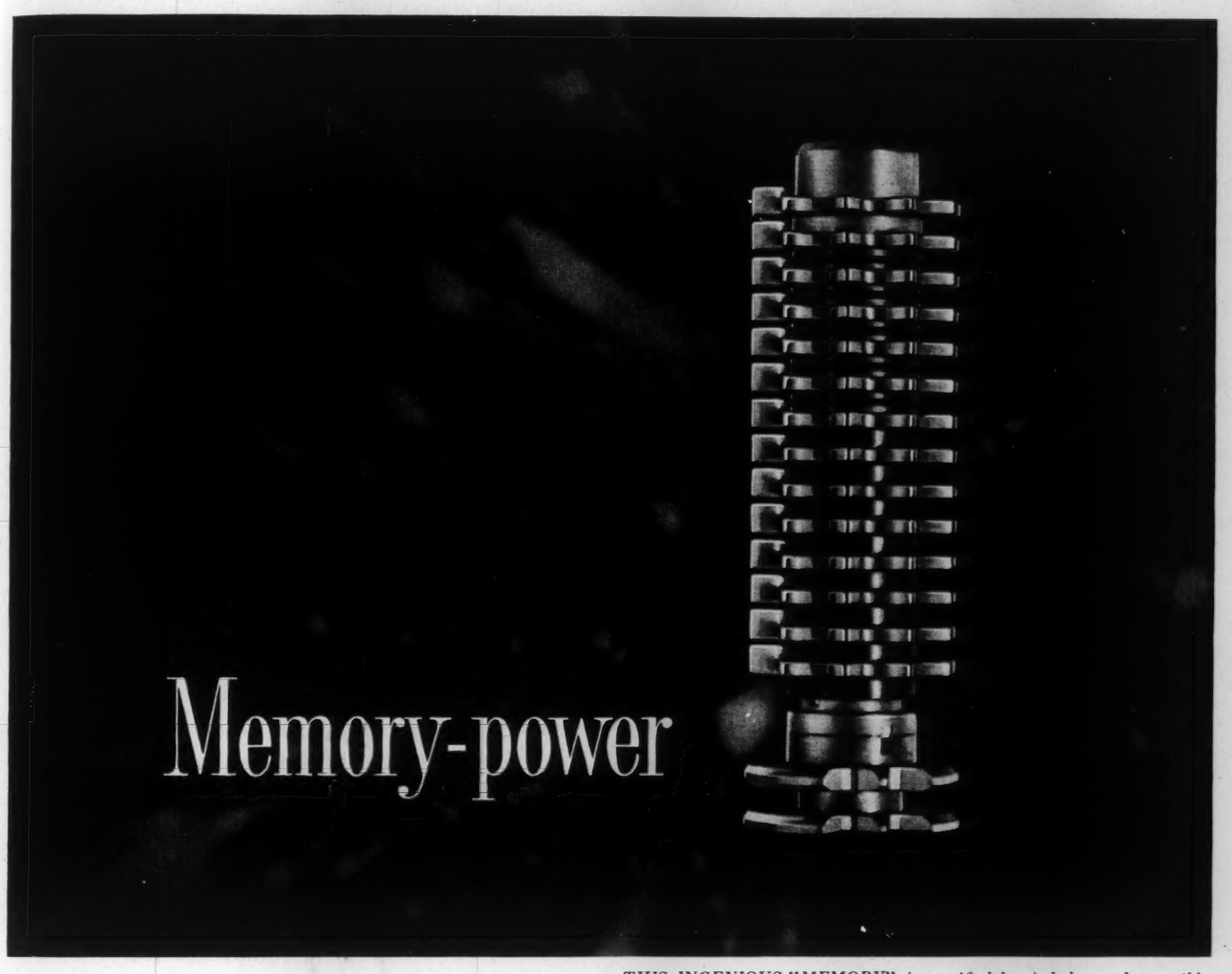

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I.

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The prizes then: The one who submits the best new names for the continents succeeds to the archdukedom and receives certain magnificent gifts and perquisites which we shall enumerate shortly along with the 99 other mouth-watering prizes. *All* entrants will be given a handsome certificate of citizenship in Qantasylvania, suitable for framing. Do not delay, enter now and often!

OFFICIAL ENTRY BLANK!!

Qantas, Hotel Vancouver, Vancouver, B. C.

Sires: Another crisis, eh? Very well, here's what I would name the continents if they were mine:

EUROPE:_____ AUSTRALIA:_____ NORTH AMERICA:_____

ASIA:_____ AFRICA:_____

NAME:_____

ADDRESS:_____

CITY:_____ PROVINCE:_____

P. S. Can't we please arrange to get Rudolf exiled?

QANTAS

AUSTRALIA'S OVERSEAS AIRLINE

THE FRONT PAGE

- Tory Leadership in a Crisis
- Impartiality of a Commission
- Mr. Howe Ducks an Issue
- Law and the Suez Shenanigans

Tory Dilemma

DURING the parliamentary wrangles of last June and July, the Tory Opposition kept insisting that Prime Minister St. Laurent should call a general election. Had Mr. St. Laurent yielded to the demands, the Conservatives would have gone into the final stages of the campaign virtually leaderless. Their chief, George Drew, could not even last out the session. Ten days before it ended on Tuesday, August 14, Mr. Drew left Ottawa for Georgian Bay; he had over-worked and needed a rest.

More than a month later he was still exhausted. While rumors about an imminent change in the Conservative leadership floated about (they were still unconfirmed at the time of writing), Mr. Drew was in Toronto's Wellesley Hospital for "a complete rest before undertaking the heavy duties of the coming months".

The duties will be heavy, indeed. Mr. St. Laurent recently indicated that there would be no autumn election. That makes it almost certain that he will go to the country next June. Up to the time of writing, he has not said that Parliament will reconvene before Christmas, but if he has any respect at all for Parliament, there will be an early winter sitting. Not only should there be no irresponsible scampering through the work of a pre-election session, but there must be time to get the House back to business-like attitudes. As the *Winnipeg Free Press* says: "No one knows how Parliament is going to function after the disorganization of last session, the destruction of normal parliamentary conventions . . . There remains a burden of bitterness and uncertainty, especially affecting the position of the Speaker."

If the Conservatives hope to make progress during the next eight months — critical ones for the party — they must have vigorous, imaginative and undivided leadership. More is at stake than the possession of seats in the Commons. There has been a gradual shift of political centres of balance during recent years, one that could strengthen the Liberals while weakening the Conservatives. The CCF has become a party of left-wing Liberalism rather than one of Socialism. The Conservatives, in an attempt to compete with the Liberals, have eased towards the left. Social Credit leaders, forgetting funny money to proclaim their love of private enterprise, have been working assiduously to take over the ground abandoned by the Conservatives. They have been pushing the Tories out of the West. Indecisive Tory leadership will invite them to continue pushing into the East, as the party of the Right.

George Drew: Exhausted.

The Conservatives cannot dawdle. Time is running out for them.

Oh Shush!

AN AUTOMATIC collecting machine installed in Wallingford, Connecticut, was recently removed, for the public good. The machine was equipped to say "Thank you" and "Hope you had a pleasant trip" when the motorist dropped in a coin to cover toll charges. While it spoke in pleasant Chamber of Commerce tones, it startled travellers almost as much as though the voice had come from Inner Sanctum. It was abolished as a hazard to traffic. Not a moment too soon, either. If this trend were established there is no telling how far it might go. "Watch those hips," the weighing machine would jeer. "Oops, sorry," the automatic piledriver would sing cheerily to the crunch of bones. Even the stamp machines and paper-towel dispensers would begin to push us around. ("Sure you've got enough postage?" "Don't spread germs." "Look at those ugly chapped hands." And so on and so on.) Automation already has millions of hands and thousands of tirelessly ticking brains. Let's not give it a voice.

Change in Critics

WHEN Messrs. Fowler, Stewart and Turcotte were named to the Royal Commission on Broadcasting, there was an immediate howl from Socialists. Mr. Fowler, the chairman, and Mr. Stewart were Big Businessmen, prominent in the Canadian Manufacturers' Association, which had shown a strong preference for more private enterprise in broadcasting; therefore, the Commission was a firing squad for the execution of the CBC. But as the Commission travelled about the country, there was a curious change. It was the private enterprisers, not the Socialists, who began to have doubts about the impartiality of Chairman Fowler and his aides.

The doubts were expressed earlier this month, when W. F. Macklaier, spokesman for the Canadian Chamber of Commerce, got into an argument with Mr. Fowler, who wanted specific evidence of unfair or unjust treatment of private stations by the CBC. During the exchange, according to the news report, Mr. Macklaier said that "the tenor of the questioning suggested a bias on the part of the Commission in favor of the CBC".

Is there any ground for suspecting that the Commission is not impartial? At the opening hearing, Mr. Fowler said; "When . . . I am questioning Mr. Dunton of the CBC I may sound like a supporter of private broadcasting. I can promise you when I come to the submission of the CARTB I may sound equally like a proponent of the public system in the interests of getting down to the real issues. So I hope no one will try to read into this any indication that the Commission has reached a conclusion on any point." But study of the questioning

at subsequent hearings creates the definite impression that Mr. Fowler has dealt more severely with the critics than with the defenders of the CBC. There is, for example, his stubborn and rather childish insistence that the private enterprisers give precise evidence of misuse by the CBC of its wide powers over private broadcasting. It is like asking the manager of a collective farm in Russia to explain in detail the bad results of Khrushchev's agricultural policy. Is the principle of dictatorship good because no one comes forward with specific instances of oppression?

Mr. Fowler may be trying to force the private enterprisers into presenting the strongest possible case for a limitation of CBC power. He may be going as far as he can to convince his original critics, the Socialists, that his Commission is indeed impartial. But it is unfortunate that his method of search for information about broadcasting has given the impression of partiality. It would be brazenly unfair to Mr. Fowler and his colleagues, however, if anyone at this time permitted the impression to harden into conviction. The Commission cannot be pre-judged. The verdict cannot be given until all the evidence is in, and the Commission makes its report.

No Hiding Place

WE'VE been looking at an advertisement of a new type of house being built hereabouts. "An airy atmosphere," it proclaims, "through 25 per cent reduction in inside wall area." Privacy, Henry James once pointed out, is the highest human luxury. He made the observation after one of his later returns to the United States where, he discovered, people had taken to removing doors and throwing the ground plan of their houses wide open. He had caught the warning creak of a door that opened on a new era—one that was to include not only the doorless rooms and blindless windows, but the confession magazines, the psychiatric couch, the marriage counsellor, the television interview, and the Bikini bathing suit. It was only a glimpse, but it was enough to send him scuttling back to Lamb's House to pull down the blinds. For his successors, the private places have become sadly limited.

Shortage of Brains

FOR THREE days this month, 110 Canadians, leaders in industry and education, discussed this country's shortage of scientists, engineers and technicians. It was so acute, they decided, that it amounted to a national emergency. Then Trade Minister Howe talked to the gathering and demonstrated how, for political reasons, an intelligent man can make a fool of himself.

There was no emergency, said Mr. Howe; a bit of a shortage, perhaps, but no emergency. All we have to do is to sit back and wait. The expansion of our economy will produce its own answer to the need for highly skilled personnel. In other words, he was telling his audience —the men who try to hire and train the scientists and technicians—that their journey to the conference wasn't really necessary. What he did not explain was how a nation can grow and enrich itself indefinitely while it suffers from pernicious intellectual anemia.

Earlier, the conference (sponsored by Avro Canada Ltd. in an attempt to solve the problem of shortage) had heard Dr.

Dr. O. M. Solandt: Imported brains.

O. M. Solandt declare that Canada must learn to supply its own need for scientists and engineers. Dr. Solandt, now CNR vice-president in charge of research and development, pointed out that Canada had come close to meeting its need only by importing brains and skills from Britain and other countries—and this source was drying up. James Duncan had told the gathering about what he had found in Russia—a "powerful and almost awesome urge to learn", supported by a tough and productive school system.

Mr. Howe pooh-poohed the idea of a scholastic race with Russia. He missed the point: if Russia produces the trained people she needs and we and our allies don't, Russia will defeat us without firing a shot.

Now Mr. Howe knows all this. Why, then, did he make such an absurd speech to the Avro conference? The answer must be obvious. The shortage of scientists and engineers is only part of a greater emergency—the crisis of education in Canada. And this cannot be handled without substantial help from the Federal Government. This help, of course, the Government does not want to give (there is little political profit in it) and piously points to the constitutional provision whereby education is the responsibility of the individual provinces. The constitutional road-block must be by-passed if Canadian progress is to continue. We need scientists and engineers, yes; we also need people with creative, well-informed minds in business, politics and every other essential activity of our society; and above all, we need the teachers who can train these minds, teachers to work in properly equipped schools.

All this means money. Provincial resources are limited. The industrial community is beginning to realize that it must do more, but it alone cannot make up the deficit. It is up to the Federal Government to shake off its frightening complacency and enter into full partnership in the business of education.

Rule of Law

DURING the Suez crisis, a great deal has been said about international law. There are specialists in the subject; they work in a maze of treaties, agreements, conventions and contracts that is often as confusing to them as to anyone else. It cannot help but be so, because a good deal of the time the lawyers are dealing with something that really does not exist. A law that cannot be enforced is no law at all.

The dispute over Suez shows how insubstantial is the structure of international law when nations disagree. The Convention of 1888, whereby nine nations agreed to certain conditions governing operation of the Canal, was re-affirmed by the Anglo-Egyptian treaty of 1954—"the two contracting Governments recognize that the Suez Maritime Canal, which is an integral part of Egypt, is a waterway economically, commercially and strategically of international importance, and express the determination to uphold the Convention which guarantees the freedom of navigation in the Canal signed at Constantinople on the 29th of October, 1888."

While the British and Egyptian Governments were agreeing, Egypt was blockading the Canal. Egypt still considered herself at war with Israel, and would not permit Israeli ships to use the waterway. Israel had protested to the UN in 1951, and the Security Council upheld the protest; the UN re-affirmed this decision in 1953. But Egypt defied the UN. And the UN, including the nations that now talk about the sanctity of contracts, did nothing about it. Where then was principle? Obviously, if Egypt's right to interfere with international use of the Canal were to be properly examined and the decision of the examiners enforced, that was the time. But principle was replaced by political expediency. So much for international law.

Prosperity's Face: Ten Years in Alberta

by John A. Irving

Aerial view shows Edmonton's spectacular growth.

Night shift at one of the many refineries in area.

To what extent have the remarkable discoveries and developments of the past decade transformed economic life in the Province? Here is the picture in 1956.

ONE OF THE MOST spectacular sights in Canada is the new industrial area east of Edmonton. "Until 1948," a sign on the highway reads, "this area was a pastoral scene of wheat fields and farm homes." Today it is covered with multi-million dollar oil refineries, chemical plants, pipeline terminals, and other industries which utilize the products and by-products of Alberta's petroleum and natural gas refineries.

Alberta's impressive economic expansion was sparked nearly a decade ago, on February 13, 1947, when fire and smoke roared into the wintry sky from a wildcat oil well in a frozen stubble field near Leduc. Since that lucky thirteenth, the oil boom has steadily grown in momentum. Before the Leduc field was fully developed, oil was discovered in 1948 in the Redwater area. Discoveries followed rapidly in Woodbend, Golden Spike, the Peace River country, Joarcam, Joffre, Pembina and many other areas.

The expansion of the oil industry has been accompanied by an equally impressive development of the natural gas industry. In Alberta, oil is usually brought to the surface by the pressure of gas beneath it, and this liberated gas is nowadays conserved for industrial and commercial purposes.

The picturesque but wasteful flares which lit up the Turner Valley nightly for decades e not tolerated today. In their production, oil and gas are therefore linked: the amount of oil that may be produced is strictly regulated, through conservation legislation, by the quantity of natural gas that can be used industrially and commercially.

Natural gas also occurs in Alberta independently of oil. During the last ten years, usually while drilling for oil, numerous independently producing gas wells have been discovered. The major natural gas fields today include the heavily producing areas around Viking-Kinsella, Medicine Hat, Bonnie Glen, Fort Saskatchewan, Jumping Pound, Turner Valley, and Pakowki Lake.

To what extent have these remarkable discoveries and developments transformed the economic life of Alberta during the past decade?

Any discussion of the current economic expansion of Alberta must begin with the primary causes of that expansion—the oil and natural gas industries. During the nine years between 1947 and 1955 the number of *producing* oil wells in Alberta rose from 606 to 6,138. In 1946 crude oil production was 6,704,322 barrels of a value of $13,528,419; by 1955 it had risen to 113,035,046 barrels of a value of $274,245,952. To attain this increased production it is estimated that a total of $1,703 million was spent on exploration and development between 1947 and 1955. It is said that expenditures to date on the Pembina oil field alone have been as great as will be the federal government's expenditures on the St. Lawrence seaway.

With such vast sums being spent on exploration and development, Albertans are naturally keenly interested in developing additional markets for oil and gas. In 1955 the average daily rate of production of oil was 348,929 barrels, only slightly over half of a possible daily average of 630,000 barrels.

In 1947 producing natural gas wells numbered 177; by 1955 this figure had risen to 486, with a potential of 609 additional wells when marketing conditions warrant their development. Between 1946 and 1955 the annual production total of natural gas rose from 44,106,643 mcf (thousands of cubic feet) to 133,049,782 mcf. The cumulative total of production during the seven years following 1947 was 2,346,266,000 mcf.

The production of natural gas, formerly limited to the demands of the local market, will be greatly accelerated in the future owing to the authorization of export to the Pacific Northwest and

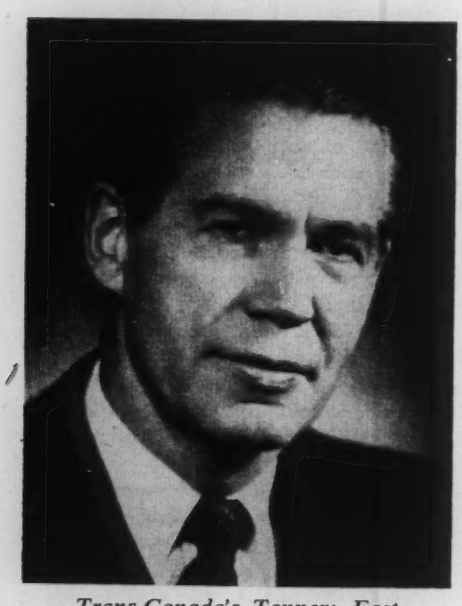
the building of the Trans-Canada pipeline. Albertans have no fear that this rich resource will be exhausted within the foreseeable future. The province already has reserves totalling 15 trillion cubic feet—a figure that is increasing by an estimated one and a half trillion cubic feet per year.

Some Albertans argue that natural gas is as important a factor as oil in the current industrialization of their province. Natural gas is not only a source of cheap power but also a very important raw material in the ascending petro-chemical industry. In fact, a significant feature of the whole petro-chemical development is the inter-connection of the oil and gas industries at the industrial level (in addition to the production level).

People who use natural gas do not generally realize that it has been processed before it reaches their stoves or furnaces. This processing separates the dry methane (which can then be used for cooking or heating) from the higher paraffin gaseous hydro-carbons—ethane, propane, and butane. The latter are used as basic materials in the petro-chemical industry.

The colossal $75 million Canadian Chemical Company at Edmonton, for example, utilizes "waste" petroleum gases from the nearby Imperial Oil and McColl-Frontenac refineries. It is a memorable experience to visit this huge plant and observe the process by which the basic materials of natural gas and cellulose pulp are changed into cellulose acetate staple fibre and filament yarn for the textile industry.

Gas from the Leduc field is especially valuable to industry because it contains 16 per cent of ethane, the basic material used in the manufacture of polythene, the modern wonder-plastic. From polythene, Canadian plastics fabricators are producing electronic insulation and such familiar items as polythene pipe, squeeze bottles, and packaging film. There seem to be boundless opportunities for the manufacture of other polythene products.



Trans-Canada's Tanner: East

Growth: New Money Means More People

Year	*No. of New Industries over $200,000*	*Total Value of New Investment*	*No. of New Employees Required*
1950	19	$17,985,000	835
1951	15	$96,595,000	2773
1952	19	$17,935,000	320
1953	18	$20,600,000	620
1954	24	$39,945,000	3320
1955	32	$48,895,000	1529

Developments based directly on the oil and gas industries have, in their turn, stimulated the industrialization of Alberta in many other areas. The accompanying table indicates the new industries, with initial investments of $200,000 or over, that were established in Alberta during the years 1950 to 1955 inclusive, the total new investment for each year, and the number of new employees required to man them.

Westcoast's McMahon: West

During the same six-year period major extensions to previously existing plants and warehouses, each representing a new investment of $200,000 or over, have numbered 200, of a value of $83,471,881, and requiring over 3,600 new employees.

While Edmonton and Calgary are rapidly becoming the industrial centres of Western Canada, the smaller centres and rural districts of Alberta are also benefiting from the economic expansion: recently, Medicine Hat acquired a $23 million ammonia, acid, and fertilizer plant; Hinton a $35 million pulp mill; and Grande Prairie a $3 million oil refinery.

The rapid industrialization of Alberta since the discovery of oil at Leduc is best demonstrated by comparing the value of manufactured products. In 1946, the total value of manufacturing in the province was $257,031,867; by 1955 this value had risen to $647,529,000. The year 1954 marked a turning point in the economic history of Alberta: that year, for the first time, the value of manufactured products surpassed the value of agricultural products. In 1954 the value of manufacturing had risen to $575,278,000, while the value of agricultural products stood at $435,577,000.

The unprecedented industrial expansion of Alberta during the past decade has resulted in an increase in population nearly double, on a percentage basis, of that of Canada as a whole. In 1946 the population was 803,330; by 1955 it had increased over a quarter of a million to 1,066,000.

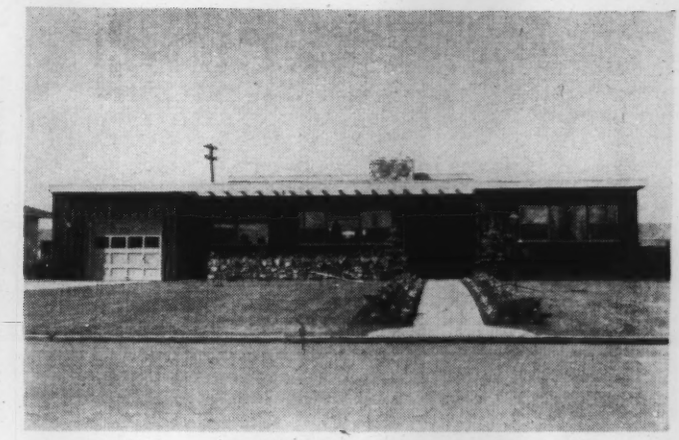
The influx of new industries and the large increase in population have naturally stimulated the construction of new buildings to meet residential, business, industrial and engineering needs.

In 1946 the value of construction contracts awarded was as follows: residential, $16,240,000; business, $9,777,000; industrial, $3,874,700; engineering, $9,079,600; a total of $38,971,000. In 1955 these figures had risen as follows: residential, $74,351,000; business, $65,345,000; industrial, $39,611,800; engineering, $51,001,800; a total of $230,309,700. There has been no abatement of the vast building program in Alberta during the present year. During the first six months of 1956 the total value of construction contracts awarded stood at $136,488,500.

A Canadian banker has said that bank clearings constitute a "photostatic copy" of what is happening to the total economy of a community. Certainly, they are an extremely sensitive indicator. In 1946 bank clearings in Alberta amounted to $1,441,386,752. By 1955 they had increased almost fourfold to $5,466,450,045. During the first seven months of 1956 they stood at $3,813,021,281—a rate of increase over last year which, if maintained, will amount nearly to the total clearings for the year 1946.

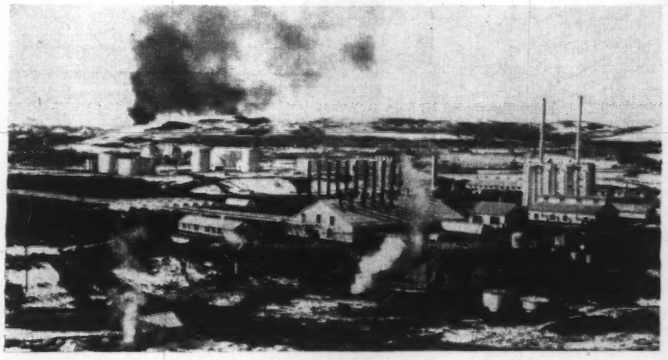
In a second article we shall consider the social and political implications of the economic expansion of Alberta during the past decade. In discussing the social implications, the present and future status of agriculture, not mentioned in the present article, will be assessed.

Ranching brought first money to Province.



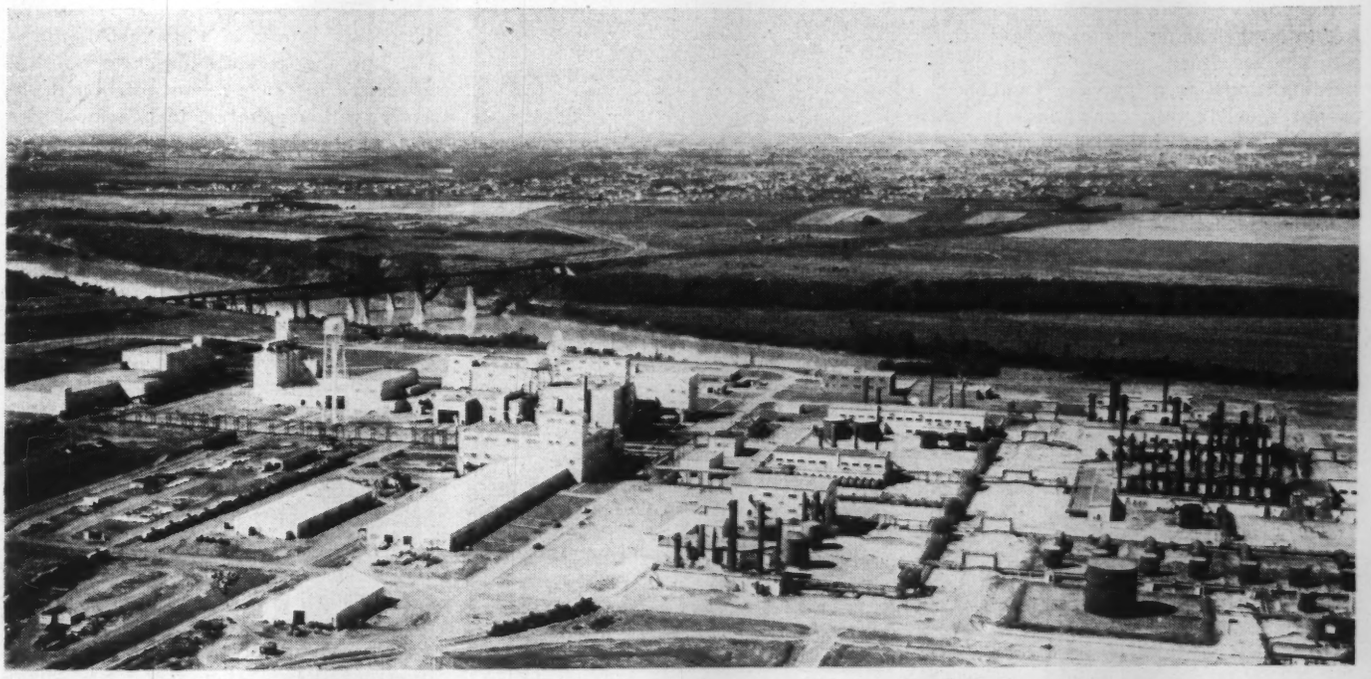
Edmonton citizens now live in "ranch" houses.

From Agriculture to Industry in the West



Turner Valley first pointed to the future.

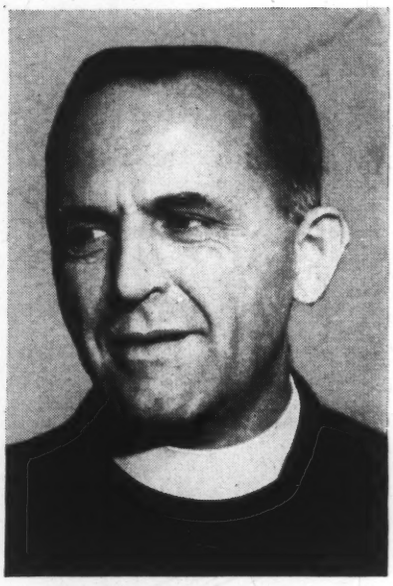
Alberta, in two decades, has passed from poverty to wealth, from cattle to oil. Back in the great depression eastern bankers were making plans to rescue the Province from bankruptcy; now it is rich, solvent. Financial interests from half-a-dozen countries are spending millions to exploit the mineral wealth. And with oil and gas transmission lines built and building, all Canada shares in the new prosperity of the foothill Province. For Albertans, the future holds no foreseeable limit.



With Edmonton in the background, new industrial area includes oil, gas and expanding petrochemical plants.

Ballot box antics . . .

The offensiveness of any political odor depends upon the cultural background, training, experience and place of residence of the sniffer. On home grounds sensitivity is sometimes small.



. . . perturb Abbé Dion.

What Quebec Thinks of Corruption

by Brian Cahill

THERE ARE A NUMBER of widely held misconceptions about the nature and significance of recent comments of two priests at Laval University concerning the state of political morality in the Province of Quebec.

Outside Quebec, the article written by Father Gerard Dion, head of the department of industrial relations at Laval, and Father Louis O'Neill, chaplain of Catholic Action on the campus, seems to have been generally regarded as an "exposé", a startling revelation of previously unknown or not widely-known conditions. It was taken by many to confirm dark suspicions that politics in Quebec is dirtier than politics elsewhere in Canada.

Inside Quebec, the article was by some regarded as an attack on the Duplessis government and by others as evidence of serious dissension within the ranks of the traditionally conservative Roman Catholic Church in Quebec.

None of these views of the article is accurate and, as might be expected, the view taken outside Quebec is the farthest from the truth.

The two priests did not reveal, or claim to have revealed, anything not previously known to anyone but the most starry-eyed of political amateurs—and in Quebec politics there are few starry-eyed amateurs.

What the good clerics did, in an article not originally intended to reach or interest the general public, was to take a detached look at a state of affairs widely known and generally accepted, and to point out the obvious fact that wide knowledge and general acceptance of political immorality do not excuse those who take part in, contribute to or condone it.

Premier Duplessis: His party's sins?

When Father Dion was told that the article was regarded in some quarters as a muck-raking exposé reflecting discredit on the province as a whole, he said in genuine astonishment: "What did we say that everyone did not already know? Is it not possible in our province to speak the simple truth without being accused of spreading scandalous fables?"

It is, to be sure, quite possible to use the priests' article as a springboard for a dive into the general subject of political corruption in Quebec. But the honest observer will remember that comparative degrees of corruption are difficult to establish in a sphere of human activity in which all concerned have to touch pitch at one time or another. Because of the different historical, cultural and social factors operating in Quebec, the political odor here is different from the odor in, say, Ontario or Alberta or Newfoundland. But, the offensiveness of any odor depends to a large extent upon the cultural background, training, experience and place of residence of the sniffer.

It is probably fair to say that the average Quebec politician hands out more money to people he would rather not meet socially and for purposes into which he is careful not to enquire than does the average Canadian politician. In the disposition of a great deal of this money, however, a line — admittedly a very fine line — is drawn between what the rigid Anglo-Saxon mind regards as outright bribery

and what the more subtle, intuitive French mind sees as a polite sort of bonus or tip —something given and received as a matter of long-established custom and for which no direct return is expected.

This sort of thing operates in other spheres besides the political. The story of the newspaperman from Toronto who came to work in Montreal and discovered the "envelope" can serve as an illustration.

The "envelope" is a long-time thing in Quebec newspaper, radio and TV circles, although it has, to the relief of almost everybody, begun to fade away in recent years. Perhaps it would be well to assume its complete disappearance and say that a few years ago at the end of a meeting, a press conference, the laying of a corner-stone, the introduction of a new product or personality, or even the launching of a charitable campaign, it was quite customary for a member of the committee, or his deputy, to hand to members of the press envelopes containing a "release". Discretely tucked away among the papers —the papers sometimes consisting merely of a list of names or the card of the chief organizer — would be a five-dollar bill. Sometimes, when the organization was wealthy and the organizer not taking too big a bite for himself, there might be a ten or even a twenty. But five was standard.

Well, one day the chap was assigned to follow some distinguished visitors who were touring McGill University. He dropped out of the party for a quick beer and in his absence they visited the cyclotron. They were asked to remove their watches and leave them in the care of a switch-board girl. She put them into envelopes marked with each person's name. Our Toronto man rejoined the party just as the visit was over and saw two colleagues step up to the girl, give their names and receive envelopes from which they took handsome watches.

The scene that followed as he stepped up and demanded *his* watch, insisting noisily that he was as good as anyone else and should have one, was both funny and painful.

There can be no argument about the basic wrongness of the envelope—and it was at the mentality which sees no wrong in such things because they are "customary" or "accepted" that the priests hit hardest. But it is a fact that the envelope in most cases did not buy anybody anything. It originated in the days when the pay of Quebec newspapermen, particularly French-speaking newspapermen, was criminally low. Because the custom was there most organizers were afraid to ignore it and most newspapermen were cynical or needy enough to go along with it.

But very few Quebec newspapermen, (although there are a few) would display the crudity of the chap from Toronto. When I spoke of this man distressing his "sensitive" colleagues I meant sensitive to

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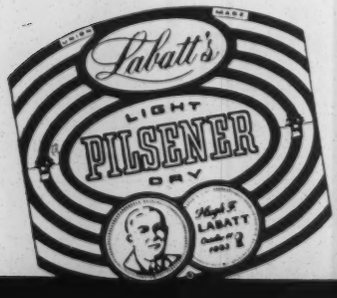

The swing is definitely to
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the occasion and the spirit of the occasion —in Quebec one gets along better if one can sense the right time and place for such things as the envelope and sense also what exactly is implied in the giving and the receiving thereof.

The fine edges of this sensitivity are, to be sure, apt to be blunted in the rough and tumble of a political campaign in Quebec. There is a great deal of direct and open bribery in an election here and on election day, particularly in the working class districts of Montreal, squads of toughs are likely to invade polls, run away with ballot boxes and generally behave in a manner calculated to bring about a rash of righteous headlines in the newspapers outside Quebec.

Whatever the moral implication of all this, the facts are that all parties who can afford it engage in it, and that it does not have much effect on the result of the election. A voter who gets five dollars from each political party is likely to vote his political convictions, if any, and if he bothers to vote at all.

If a good many of the residents of Côte des Neiges Cemetery in Montreal have been known to rise from their graves and take part in the democratic process on election day, there is good reason to suspect that the ghostly voters distribute their favors equally between the major parties. Theft of a ballot box from a heavily Liberal precinct is more than likely to be balanced by a similar theft from a Conservative or National Union precinct —and more often than not the same professional toughs steal both boxes.

Most of the foregoing is actually irrelevant to the articles written by the Quebec priests. But it was perhaps inevitable that when an enterprising reporter from the *Toronto Globe and Mail* dug out the article and gave it general circulation, its main points and original intent should have been lost sight of—particularly by those who like to think of Quebec politics as uniquely malodorous.

Inside Quebec the article was more accurately evaluated. It was in circulation about two months, and the circulation list included some French-speaking newspapermen, before the Toronto press gave it a big play. Up to this point it had not attracted wide public interest in Quebec. But then it was seized upon by opponents of Duplessis as a stick with which to beat their old enemy.

There was some reason for regarding the article as an attack on the National Union Government. Father Dion and Father O'Neill made it clear that their criticism was aimed at all political parties. But the "sins" they stressed most — the blatant appeal to the self-interest of the voters ("Duplessis Gave You Your New Bridge", "Keep Your Friends In Power", "Why Waste a Vote on a Man Who Will be Unable to Get Your Son a Job", etc.) and the crude, deliberate attempts to lump all opponents as "Communists" were particular sins of the National Union.

This was due as much to circumstances as to any special degree of moral turpitude. The National Union can appeal more strongly than the Liberals to those whose vested interest is in the status quo; the strength of the party lies in the rural districts, where voters are particularly vulnerable to an appeal based on race, language, religious prejudice and anti-Communism. Whatever the lofty and impartial intentions of the authors, the shafts launched in the article landed more often in the breasts of National Union supporters than of Liberals, and rankled there more painfully.

The impression of a revolt against the authority of the church probably stemmed from the sharpness of the criticism directed against the political attitude of many of the clergy. But while such criticism was strong and of a kind that does not usually reach the ears of the layman, it was well within the bounds of Roman Catholic doctrine. The main point made was that many of the priests and even higher clergy were so preoccupied with protecting their flock from the "sins of the flesh" that they tended to neglect the equally heinous "sins of the spirit".

The article said, in effect, that Quebec priests were so busy worrying about the length of the shorts worn by young girls during the summer that they were forgetting the duty of defining and insisting on moral standards in public affairs.

This has been said before in Quebec without being taken as evidence of a serious split in the ranks of the church.

The practical, immediate political effect of the article has not been very great. The Civic Action League, the "reform" movement which put Mayor Jean Drapeau of Montreal into office, has been at cross purposes with Duplessis for some time and has tried to build a bandwagon out of the article. However, not many people are anxious to get aboard.

The Civic Action League has lost a lot of steam in recent years. It is important only in Montreal and rapidly losing support there. Too many people who once regarded Drapeau, his chief lieutenant "Pax" Plante and other members of the movement as sincere reformers are now beginning to suspect that the movement has degenerated into "another political party" and that its leaders are not much better, if no worse, than the men they replaced. The general political cynicism which prevails in Quebec, and which was noted so regretfully by the two priests, contributes to this attitude.

In the long run the article may have some effect in changing the attitude of some members of the clergy in Quebec. This is about the most that can be claimed for it.

Tennessee has been a sore spot for violence.

Both parties have shown great restraint. If the political conventions had subordinated all other considerations to the search for the Negro vote the outlook would indeed be bleak and perilous.

Race and U.S. Politics

by Max Freedman

WE ARE NOW watching one of the greatest social movements of our time as the American Negro seeks to enter into the full inheritance of his civil liberty.

I believe that anyone who writes about the problems of segregation should first declare his own convictions and prejudices. No one can really pretend to be impartial on this subject. For myself, I say without hesitation that my sympathies are with the Negro. But I also understand the dilemma of the South. A Canadian observer of the American scene should certainly find it possible to be fair to both sides.

Nothing was more impressive at the Democratic convention in Chicago than the way Mr. Harry Truman and Mrs. Roosevelt pleaded for a moderate platform on civil rights. Negro leaders had come to Chicago determined to get an uncompromising declaration; they could use the big Negro vote as their bargaining weapon. When they were advised by Mr. Truman to avoid forcing the issue to the breaking point, they were impressed because they knew that Mr. Truman had done more for Negro rights than any other President in American history. Then, when Mrs. Roosevelt added her appeal for caution, they yielded. Above all living Americans Mrs. Roosevelt is almost venerated by the Negro. The Democratic platform was accepted with only a brave little minority venturing to challenge it.

This victory for moderation was repeated at San Francisco where the Republicans nobly refused to make an open bid for the Negro vote.

It is easy to explain both these decisions in political terms. The Democrats were eager to prevent a Southern revolt against party unity; the Republicans knew they would have no chance in the South if they gave their complete support to the colored voter. These influences were not negligible. But no one who knows the leaders of both parties can believe that they were under the spell of cynical political motives.

Republicans and Democrats alike had learned from harsh experience that this problem of race relations would torment America for a generation unless school segregation was examined without passion and without hatred. They had also discovered that the difficulties in the South could be removed neither by the stroke of a judicial decision nor by a gesture of emphatic good-will.

Border states have less trouble. An Arkansas high school operates smoothly.

I was talking the other day with one of the most respected Negro leaders in the United States about conditions in Mississippi. The White Citizens' Councils in Mississippi are very strong. They can frighten the Negro with threats of physical violence. Sometimes these are more than threats. They can also crush the Negro by economic sanctions. Suddenly, without warning or cause, a Negro finds himself denied all credit. The web of discrimination may be coarse or fine; in either case too many Negroes have been caught in it. In Mississippi not a single Negro has dared to send his child to a white school or to challenge the principle of segregation in court.

The other day a Negro decided to take the risk. The national leaders of the Negro movement in New York were greatly moved by this display of moral courage. They stood ready to give him all possible help when the case came to trial. Then, to everyone's surprise, there was a call from Mississippi. The man's wife told the New York office that her husband, for all his courage, was shaken with fear of what would happen to him or the family if the anger of the community fell on his household. The New York leaders decided that it was unfair to run this risk. So they phoned the brave volunteer and asked him to withdraw his petition. My friend told me he will never forget the sudden gasp of relief with which this announcement was received by the man in Mississippi.

It must be added that conditions in Mississippi are worse than in any other part of the South. But one simple story like this does more to explain the tragedy of segregation than a thousand legal arguments. Segregation produces the sting of racial inferiority and the shame of racial arrogance. In different ways it punishes both white and colored.

With the opening of the new school term about 300,000 Negro children in Southern and border states are free to

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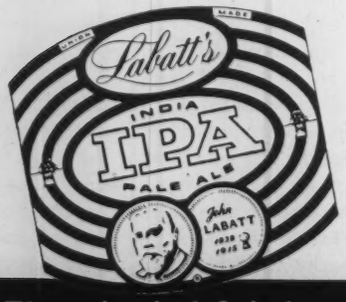

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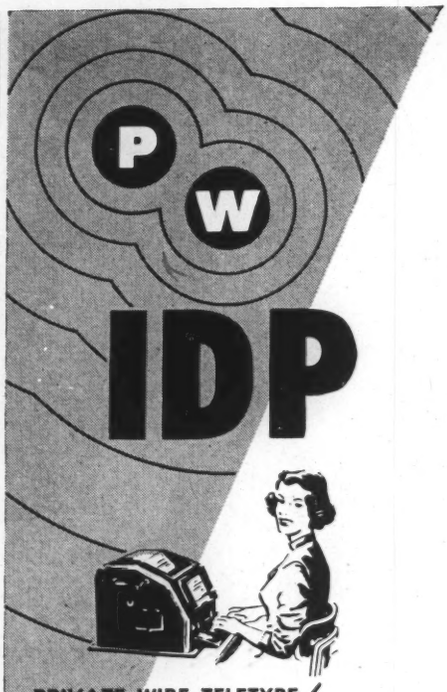
attend integrated public schools. For them the problem of segregation has been solved. But what of the two million colored children who will still be segregated? The latest report shows that segregation is still being enforced fully in Mississippi, Alabama, Florida, Georgia and South Carolina. There is desegregation in colleges but not in public schools in Virginia, North Carolina and Louisiana. Tennessee has obeyed a court order and has admitted 12 colored children to one high school. It will also admit Negroes to its colleges.

In talking to white Southerners, I have always found a sense of shame at the conduct of the extreme minority which boasts of its racial supremacy. These Americans know, sometimes with greater clarity than people in the Northern states, that the day of boasting and of threats is nearing its end. They know that they are playing for time and that the forces beating upon the ramparts of segregation cannot be resisted for many years. But they are determined to prolong their opposition and to delay their final surrender as long as they can.

By reason of this resistance they hope to persuade the Negro communities to accept voluntary segregation, free from the stain of compulsory racial inferiority, as the best practical solution.

A few months ago there was a genuine fear that the quarrel over Negro rights would dominate the Presidential and Congressional elections. That fear has passed. The national debate will not be at the mercy of extremists, whether from the North or South. The angry prejudices form no more than scum on the moving tides of public opinion. Once again the American people are seeking a solution in terms of reason and justice. They deserve the compassion of understanding instead of foreign criticism because the Supreme Court's decision has not more swiftly become the law of all the land.

Personal touch from a politician.



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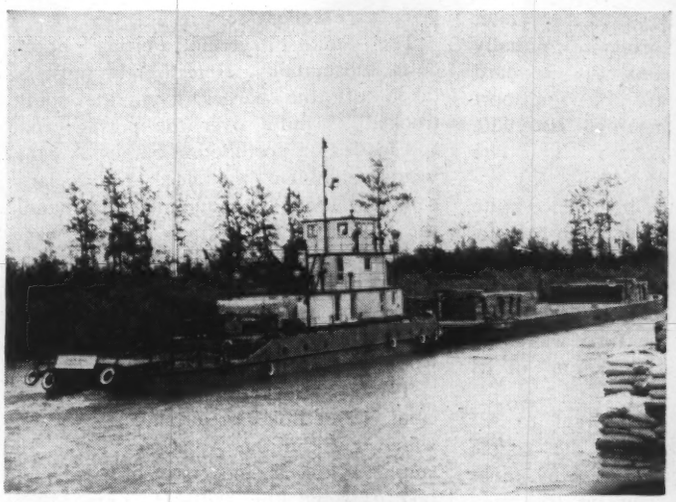
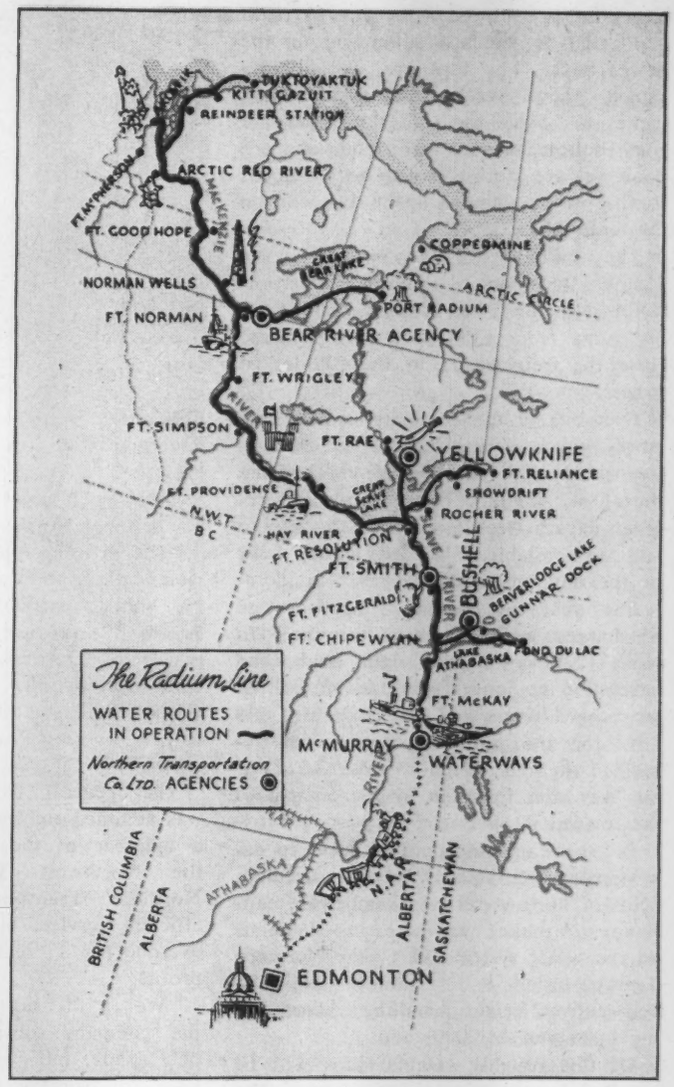
Supply Lifeline Of the Northwest

by David Oancia



Tug pushes a barge along the Slave River.



Oil, uranium and freight for the Dew Line.

A government-owned corporation now supplies the vital water transport in an area a quarter the size of Canada. Growth leads to argument on its costs and efficiency.

THE SKIPPERS and pilots of the diesel tugs and barges plying the 2,400-mile Mackenzie River system like to make their job sound easy.

"All you have to know to pilot a river boat is how to read the water to be able to tell the location of the channel," said Captain Billy Bird, skipper of the *Radium Miner* and veteran of almost 30 years on the river system which stretches from Waterways, Alta., 250 miles northeast of Edmonton, to the Arctic coast.

This husky, greying man proudly recalled the day he passed the examination for his master's ticket in 1948, 24 years after he got his first job as a deckhand on the old smoke-belching paddle wheelers. Getting a ticket isn't easy. Besides other requirements, the applicant must have served 48 months afloat, a difficult requirement to meet in the north, a land of long days and short summers, where the shipping season usually lasts from three to five months.

The skippers and pilots play a vital role in the operation of the crown-owned Northern Transportation Co. Ltd. They are the men who keep the company's 25 tugs and 112 barges moving day and night to ensure that every one of the scattered settlements, from the bush and swamp land of northern Alberta to the barrens of the Arctic, has enough supplies and heating oil to last a year.

Northern Transportation handles roughly 80 per cent of the freight in an area which stretches from the 57th to the 70th parallels of latitude and covers more than a quarter of Canada. During the summer the doughty little tugs and barges are constantly moving on the Athabasca, Slave and Mackenzie Rivers and across Great Slave and Great Bear Lakes and Lake Athabasca.

A look at a map of northwest Canada would give the impression this great waterway could be navigated with little difficulty. But this is not the case. The map doesn't show the rivers' low water levels, narrow shifting channels and rapids, or the violent storms which blow up on the lakes. Nor does it show the 30-ton trucks, cranes and fork lifts which circumvent the bottleneck created by the 25-mile Smith-Fitzgerald portage, straddling the Alberta-Northwest Territories border, on the Slave River.

During the three to five-month shipping season the boats battle a year's weather as they do a year's work. They buck ice floes in the spring and fall, push through violent thunder-storms, swelter through 80-degree temperatures and butt into five-foot waves on the lakes.

Because the stakes are so high, no chances are taken with the equipment.

Every tug is equipped with two-way radio and radar is standard equipment on the newer boats. The tugs are specially designed. They have a draft of about 28 inches to enable them to skim over the river bottom when water conditions are poor, yet are sturdy enough to withstand the big waves whipped up by the wind on the large lakes.

The railhead at Waterways is the southern terminus of the water transportation system. Here freight hauled in by trains from Edmonton is transferred from the freight cars to the flat-decked barges.

Everyone in the company's yards here works with a sense of urgency all through the summer. Stocky George McLennan, the agent, and other key personnel, work seven days a week from May to October and are available, if needed, at any hour of the day or night.

Last year the company's 22 tugs and 85 barges were taxed to the limit to move 122,000 tons of freight. And when navigation no longer was possible on the ice-clogged rivers and lakes, about 5,000 tons for the northern communities remained in the freight yards. Most of this was later flown in by the companies that owned it.

But the staggering pace of northern development, particularly in the uranium fields of northwestern Saskatchewan, continues to make ever-increasing demands on the water system. This year Northern Transportation will establish its sixth consecutive freight handling record by moving about 210,000 tons.

Of this roughly 160,000 tons will be handled by the men at Waterways. The balance is made up of uranium concentrates hauled from the mines to the rail head and oil hauled from the Norman Wells refinery on the Mackenzie River to DEW line sites and to the settlements of Port Radium and Yellowknife.

"We just had to get more tugs and barges to keep up," said Mr. McLennan. "In the past the increase from year to year was gradual and somehow we always managed to squeeze it in. But last year the amount jumped 35 per cent and this year it will double."

Last fall Northern Transportation launched a $3,500,000 expansion program which added three tugs and 27 barges to the fleet and improved shore installations. Were it not for the mechanization of freight handling and the addition of more floating equipment, the company would never have met the demands made on its service.

Some northerners, particularly those in the Yellowknife area, 600 air miles north of Edmonton, now are calling for more and cheaper means of transportation. They have urged the federal government to build a railroad to the south shore of Great Slave Lake to provide a year-round link with the rest of Canada, and to undertake an extensive road-building program.

"Radium Miner": New 130-ton tug.

Their chief target has been the Government-owned Northern Transportation Co.

"The private shipping operators charge we are trying to establish a monopoly and the public, particularly in Yellowknife, say our rates are exorbitant. Actually our rates are far below the standard tariff set by the Board of Transport Commissioners after hearings in 1950, and we welcome competition," said one Northern Transportation official.

The general feeling in Yellowknife was summed up by lawyer John Parker, a member of the nine-man council of the Northwest Territories. He said Northern Transportation provided an efficient service, but the time was long overdue for a "realistic reduction" of its profits.

"We in the north don't want to see the company subsidized by the people of Canada, but we can't see why those who are working to open up this area should subsidize the Canadian government through the profits gleaned from the freight rates we pay."

Company officials say the increased volume of freight handled in the last two years has made possible rate cuts which will mean savings of about $425,000 to shippers this year. They add that all profits made by the company, plus a large portion of the depreciation reserve, have been plowed back into expansion and improvement of facilities.

No truce appears in sight in this conflict. Yellowknife people say freight-rate reductions announced by the company in the last two years, though welcome, are not enough.

One private shipping operator charged the rate reductions were all part of a program to establish and retain a monopoly on water-borne freight moving over the Mackenzie system.

A strong vote of confidence in the crown-owned company was voiced by Norman Byrne, veteran mining consultant, who, in his 20 years of northern service, has brought several mines into production.

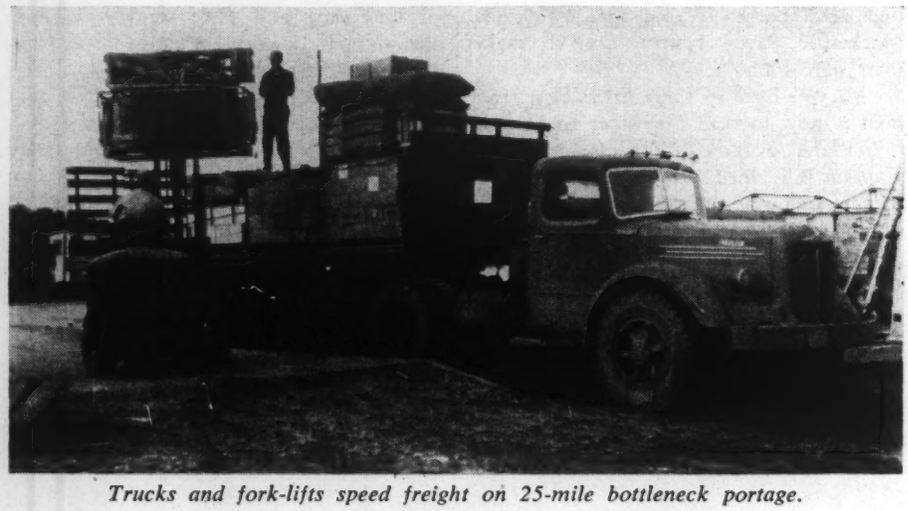
"Nobody else could have done what the Northern Transportation Company has done in the years of major development in the north. This company has given us excellent service."

The Smith-Fitzgerald portage boosts costs substantially. Here freight must be taken off the barges from the south, trucked 25 miles over the portage road and loaded on northbound barges. A canal would eliminate the need for a large capital outlay for equipment to handle the freight on the portage and the wagebill for a sizeable labor force.

A canal, however, would cost millions of dollars, and the feeling is the volume of freight for points beyond the portage would not justify the expenditure.

The biggest stumbling block to efficient use of floating equipment is the low water level on the Athabasca River, the southern link in the chain of rivers and lakes beyond the railhead. Late in the season, tugs which draw only 28 to 30 inches of water barely skim over the river bed. Tugs leave the southern terminal with loads of only 35 to 50 per cent of their 500-ton capacity.

So far nothing has been done to ensure an adequate water level in this river. The ultimate solution is the construction of a dam to control the early season runoff. This project would cost millions.

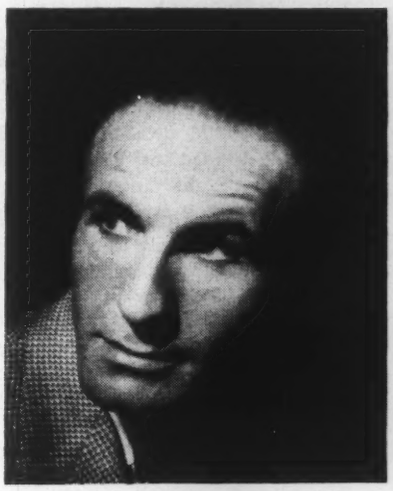


Trucks and fork-lifts speed freight on 25-mile bottleneck portage.

The Intuitive Performer

by Frank Rasky

Canada's most versatile theatre personality is a slight, intense man who writes, directs, produces and has played over 2,000 roles on the stage, films and TV.



Barry Morse

THE MOST versatile actor in stage history was Edmund Kean. In his heyday 120 years ago, Kean dominated the British stage. He would begin an evening's performance of five hours by singing half-a-dozen comic ballads; he played the title role in *King Lear;* he acted all the roles in a short farce; and he wound up by doing an acrobatic turn titled *Jacko, The Chimpanzee.* Astounded by this *tour de force,* William Hazlitt, the essayist, cried rapturously, "Kean plays his roles by flashes of lightning."

Canada today has an actor as versatile as Kean at his nimblest. He is Barry Morse. In his lifetime, Sir Henry Irving played 683 roles; Morse has strutted and fretted across the stage in over 2,000 characterizations—more than 600 of them in Montreal and Toronto, since his arrival in Canada from England five years ago.

The range of Morse's repertoire this past season would undoubtedly leave Hazlitt gasping. Morse starred with lyrical passion in a CBC television version of *Macbeth.* To celebrate being named "Canada's best actor" in a *Liberty* magazine poll of the nation's radio and TV critics, he teamed up with actor Jack Creley to become a TV song-and-dance minstrel (doing a soft-shoe shuffle to Noel Coward's "Don't Put your Daughter on the Stage, Mrs. Worthington"). He continued to write and narrate his weekly Saturday-afternoon radio show, "A Touch Of Greasepaint." He spent the summer in a special CBC course, learning how to become a TV drama producer, which culminated in his kinescope staging of Thornton Wilder's *Pullman Car Hiawatha.* And currently, blazing a new trail for himself in the thorny province of musical comedy, he is director of the London hit, *Salad Days,* which opened last week, with an all-Canadian cast of twelve players singing and dancing 54 roles, in University of Toronto's Hart House Theatre.

True, he has yet to do a chimpanzee-acrobat act; but Morse performs still another feat. For the last two years, he has attempted to better the professional standing of Canadian actors by serving as chairman of the council of the Association of Canadian Radio-TV Artists.

"When I came to Canada five years ago," Morse says, "people were amazed that I would dream of earning a living here just by acting. For actors, things have improved fantastically since then." Morse, who now earns $15,000 a year, points out that 2,500 French and English-speaking Canadians today make a living from some phase of the acting profession. In Toronto alone, over 700 members belong to his ACRA group.

He feels strongly that the status of Canadian actors has been most cribbed and confined by overly belittling radio and TV newspaper critics. He regards these Canadian debunkers as little more than hucksters of casting gossip. "Canadian reviewers prove the old saying that a prophet is not without honor save in his own country," he says. "All a Canadian actor has to do is go to New York or London, and his worth immediately goes up 100 per cent in their eyes. I look forward to the time when the critics here will salute Canadian actors—whenever their performance warrants it—not with a shrug but with a fanfare."

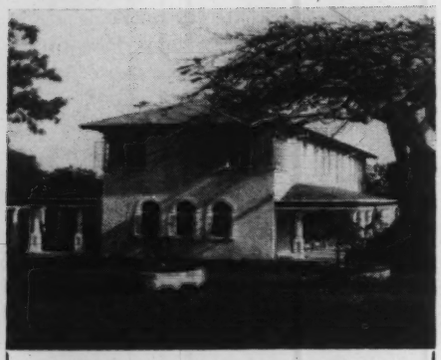
Morse prefers the esteem of his fellow "pro" craftsmen. In a profession notorious for its bitter jealousy, their comments about him are remarkably honeyed. David Greene, the CBC TV producer of "General Motors Theatre", who knew Morse for 10 years as a star player in London, calls him "one of the most brilliant actors in the world, paying tireless attention to detail. Look at the super-human range he's played on TV. Everything from the snivelling hypochondriac in *Guilt,* and that ragged piece of flotsam in *Ebb-tide,* where he jolted viewers by picking his nose, to the maniac in *Ordeal By Fire,* where the audience saw nothing but Barry's hands and feet in pantomime for the opening five minutes on the screen."

Jack Creley, who stars in *Salad Days,* says of him, "Barry directs with the same warm understanding he gives to his acting. He doesn't harangue or scream, but commands with a strong, molding gentleness. His magic as an intuitive performer deeply affected me five years ago, when I saw him play the embittered schoolmaster in *The Browning Version* at Montreal's Mountain Playhouse. The scene ends with a young boy giving him a book as a gift. Instead of doing the obvious, weeping or gesturing his shoulders, Barry invented a master-stroke. He quietly looked at the book. Then slowly he began stamping his foot. What more moving a device for showing how the schoolmaster was fighting to keep his emotions in check?"

As a personality, Morse himself flares with disciplined emotion. At 37, he is a lean, 143-pound man with a kind of gaunt intensity. He has a jutting chin, intelligent green eyes, high cheekbones, a halo of brown hair. Unlike so many actors, he is not a shell of vanity, engrossed in listening to the affected boom of his own baritone. He can talk with urbane charm of politics and religion, and is one of those rare performers who can poke fun at his foibles with self-deprecating wit.

While directing the cast of *Salad Days* last week, he was dressed casually in a baggy pair of khaki pants, a tieless white shirt, and brown, open-toed slippers; yet he somehow looked neat and graceful. Snapping his fingers, singing "yum-tum-tiddlee-dee" to the beat of the music, swooping into a dance, he conveyed instructions laced with humorous aphorisms: "Don't love your audience; command them. And, darling, don't go out and *sell* your song to the audience; make them want to *buy.*" It was all done in the well-modulated voice of an English gentleman.

Yet Barry Herbert Morse is a sort of male version of Shaw's Eliza Doolittle. He was born a cockney in a slum district of Bethnal Green, in the East End of London. He lived above a shop on Shipton Street, where his father sold tobacco, newspapers and off-licence beer. Barry quit school at 14 to become an errand boy, at about $2 a week, for a glass bottle manufacturer, delivering on



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a bicycle sample sauce and perfume bottles to customers about London. His Henry Higgins, by indirection, was Charles Laughton, then at his zenith as the only London actor gifted enough to act in French with the *Comédie Française*. Barry heard that Laughton had been a scholarship student at the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art; what especially was catnip to the cockney lad was news that the scholarships were worth £2/10, or roughly $7.50 a week.

Barry attended a public Academy performance—the first time he had ever been in a theatre—and, with the supreme impudence of youth, decided he could act better. He decided to enter the men's competition for the annual scholarship, competing with 200 aspiring actors. Since he had never read a play before, he went to the public library to select the two auditioning scenes he had to perform. For his first role, he shrewdly chose the cockney navvy testifying on a witness stand in a scene from Galsworthy's *The Silver Box*. For his second role, he wanted to play a contrasting gentleman of high class—flipping through Oscar Wilde's *The Importance Of Being Earnest* for the first time, he was attracted by the tony name of the character, Algernon, and immediately said to himself, "Just la-de-da enough for me."

Barry won. "Years later," he says, "I met Dame Sybil Thorndike, one of the judges, and she recalled the whole effect of the young cockney playing the role of the dandy was excruciatingly funny, but strangely moving, because of his utter sincerity." At the time, Barry, armed with a bunch of chrysanthemums, rushed home to tell his mother he had chucked his job. "But it's all right, Mom," he assured her, "the Academy is paying me three times what I earned before." A formidably imperturbable cockney, his mother's only response was: "You'd better have a clean shirt."

During his two years at the Academy, Morse shed his cockney accent naturally by a kind of osmosis, listening to his fellow pupils, who included English actresses Joan Greenwood and Pamela Brown and Canadian actors Sam Payne of Vancouver and Robert Christie of Toronto. His real transformation into an actor, however, was a result of five years' touring with 14 repertory companies in the provinces; he appeared in one or even two plays a week, two performances a day, with time out for a seven-month spell in a TB sanitarium. Of the 15 films he made, his meatiest role was probably as the suffragette's jilting beau in *Thunder Rock*. In the West End, his greatest success was in the title role of Irwin Shaw's *The Assassins;* after opening night, he walked into the Savoy Grill, the Sardi's of London, and he still recalls the glow he felt when the professional theatre-going diners gave him a standing ovation. "I felt as though I'd set the Thames on fire," he says. "I'd become, at last, a real pro."

Morse originally came to Montreal in 1951 with the genuine intention of spending only a summer there, visiting the relatives of his actress wife, Sydney Sturgess. His "visit" has since reached the point where he has appeared in 800 CBC radio shows and 90 TV programs. The Morses now live in a six-room, $145-a-month apartment on Oriole Road in Toronto, and the rent money is partially paid for by their two youngsters, who are rapidly becoming Toronto's most active child actors. Melanie, 11, has appeared in eight TV shows and the Crest Theatre's production of *The Women;* Haywood, nine, has been in 50 TV shows, and this summer indulged in outrageously ingenuous scene-stealing at the Stratford Festival as young Page in *The Merry Wives Of Windsor*.

Morse does not try to hide his pride in his precocious children's entry into "the profession", which he now considers to be an honorable, and even profitable, profession for Canadian career-seekers. "To be a first-rate actor," he advises his heirs, "you'll need the continuous perception of a child, the faith of a martyr, and the constitution of an ox. Above all, work so that the phrase can truly be cut on your gravestone: 'He was a pro'."

The Dew Line

by F. R. Scott

Beards dip in coldest dew
Bedabbled with the dew
Bright dew is shaking
Distant Early Warning

Honey-headed dew of slumber
Dew of summer nights collected
Dew shall weep thy fall tonight
Distant Early Warning

Dew that on the violet lies
Whose wine was the bright dew
Dew will rust them
Distant Early Warning

Falls the dew on the face of the dead
On whom the dew of heaven drops?
Who hath begotten the drops of dew?
Distant Early Warning

•

There rain'd a ghastly dew
With anguish moist and fever dew
Red dew of Olivet
Distant Early Warning.

(With acknowledgments to the Oxford Dictionary of Quotations, Index, Verbo Dew).

From Mae to Marilyn

by Mary Lowrey Ross

"SEX IS FUNDAMENTALLY funny," a psychologist friend once pointed out. "In fact, the comedy of sex has been a popular form of entertainment ever since Aristophanes."

Mae West managed to smuggle her early comedies on the screen by placing them in the Nineties, a period exactly suited to her style and figure. There was a good deal of agitation and protest at the time, but in the end the authorities let *Belle of the Nineties* through, figuring that behavior common to the Bowery in the Nineties could hardly affect moviegoers in the late Thirties. They didn't realize that Mae's hoarse invitation, "C'm up and see me sometime" had no relation to time or place; by the time it had become a national catch phrase it was already too late, and sex comedy had its foot firmly in the door.

It is fairly safe to say that without a Mae West there would hardly have been a Marilyn Monroe. Until Mae West came along the lady sinners of the screen had a pretty lugubrious time of it. They suffered a great deal, and their sufferings usually ended in repentance or tragedy or both. Mae changed all that by pointing out that sex was funny. She made it very funny indeed in her early comedies and after a little her critics relaxed, congratulating themselves that presently she would blow sex clear off the screen in a gust of bawdy humor. Nothing of course could have been farther from Miss West's mind. Sex, she made it clear, was not only funny; it was fun. Before anyone quite knew what had happened it was too late to do anything about a point of view which so many movie-patrons enthusiastically shared. Thus the way was cleared for Marilyn Monroe.

It is true that the two stars differ widely in the approach to sex comedy. When the hero, or any goodlooking male character appears, Marilyn gives faint indications of catalepsy, whereas Mae merely brings up from her diaphragm a deep appreciative growl. Marilyn is as helpless as a kitten while Mae remains

Monroe: The exhilarating work.

contemptuous and matriarchal. But both make it clear, merely by the exaggerated swivel of their hips as they cross the screen, that the whole thing is a wonderful joke; and the joke, which the screen was the very last to discover, is that

West: The appreciative growl.

woman is one of the most exhilarating works of the Creator.

Of the two, Mae West is still the solider performer in their rather special field. Marilyn Monroe is coming along fast, however, and her latest picture *Bus Stop* owes practically all its comedy interest to the star. The story, which derives from the Broadway hit of last year, sets its heroine travelling from the Ozarks to the Coast, her head filled with dreams of Hollywood and Vine Street. She stops off at Phoenix to pick up extra experience and bus fare in a third-rate honkytonk, and there she encounters a roistering cowhand (Don Murray) who decides to marry her on the spot, without even the preliminary of the bride's consent. Stimulated by love he makes a prodigious show at the Phoenix rodeo, and Marilyn's shuddering apathy at his performance is very funny. So are her despairing efforts to escape an admirer whose attentions might have alarmed Mae West herself. It's greatly to her credit that she doesn't behave here like a smart girl pretending to be nitwitted. On the contrary, she presents a quite affecting picture of a bird-brained girl doing her very best to be bright.

Ginger Rogers and Barry Nelson: Corset stays are a help.

The First Traveling Saleslady presents Ginger Rogers as a lady drummer selling corsets and barbed wire west of the Mississippi. Most of the comedy derives from the eccentricities of one of the first motor cars to attempt the transcontinental tour to California. It gets there with the help of the heroine's steel corset stays, a device that seems to work with the motor but isn't much help to the comedy. Along with the star are Barry Nelson, as the car's owner, and Carol Channing, a comedienne who not only responds like a ventriloquist's dummy but actually looks like one. Given livelier backtalk she would probably be very funny.

How Widely Do You Read?

by Robertson Davies

IT IS A MISTAKE, of course, to ask how widely you read, without having first asked why you read. If you look upon reading as an analgesic or a time-killer, it does not matter what you read or how narrow your range is. But if reading is one of your chief pleasures, and if you think of literature as an art, the question becomes important. How widely do you read?

Once I met a man who told me with perfect calm that he had read everything of importance in English; he was a science professor in a Canadian university and he was modestly sincere. He had read all the books on a prescribed list, and he was convinced that English literature held nothing more for him; his subsequent reading was entirely of technical papers on his special subject. Yet—and this is the moral of the story—this deluded and unadventurous man had read many books which people who profess themselves to be great lovers of literature have seldom read, and he spoke and wrote in the style of a cultivated man, which is not always the case with scientists. He had read, I suppose, three hundred books in English (which was not his mother-tongue) and yet he was more widely read than people who count their books in thousands.

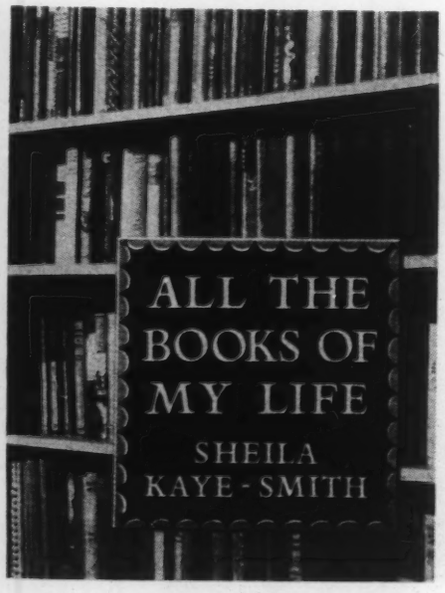
Let us not, however, talk too lightly of thousands of books. It takes quite a lot of time to read even ten books, and if we are busy people, how are we to be widely read?

First of all, who is widely read? Men of letters are commonly so; otherwise they do not deserve that description. And if you want to see what wide reading may result in, I suggest that you read J. B. Priestley's collected essays, which have been published under the title *All About Ourselves*. Wide reading can make a man a pedant, if there was a pedant inside him when he began; it can make him a book-drunk muddler, if he had a confused mind before he learned his alphabet; and if he is a man of wide interests, unquenchable curiosity, delight in life and warm humanity—as Priestley is—it makes him the kind of man who writes these essays. Wide reading strengthens and intensifies the natural bent. "Reading maketh a full man," said Bacon: I wonder if it ever made a full man of a fool?

Wide reading does not necessarily mean a toilsome grappling with unpalatable classics. As an ambitious youth I read a great number of acknowledged classics which were not of my own choosing, and now I cannot recollect anything about them. The chief fault was with me, but I think that some of those classics were over-praised, as well; and of course not every great book is for every reader. One of my unfailing favorites is Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy*, but I know that to many people much wiser than I it appears a senseless jumble. If you want to read widely you must first reconcile yourself to the fact that you cannot read everything, and that there is no profit in reading books you do not like.

The late Sheila Kaye-Smith has written a sort of autobiography called *All the Books of My Life*, in which she tells of the books she has read since childhood, and of their effect on her. It is a frank, admirable, witty and disarming book. She read masses of stuff which can only be called junk. She found her own classics, and they provided her with intellectual provision for her voyage through life. But let us not be pompous; the junk had its place, as well; there is a surprising amount to be learned from trash, even if it is only that your appetite for it has limits.

But what about you, and your guilty feeling that you ought to read more widely than you do? I suggest that you have a look at some good anthologies, and



Jacket Design

Brian Aldiss: For the trade.

luckily three have come to hand which suit your purpose admirably. The first is *The Chatto Book of Modern Poetry*, which is a first-rate selection in a difficult field. People who are frightened of modern verse because they cannot follow the angry critical bickering about it may wisely cut through the nonsense by reading the poetry and forgetting the critics. Cecil Day Lewis and John Lehmann have begun their selection in 1915 with Thomas Hardy, and end it with Dylan Thomas; between you will find great riches, and may be led to read more of the poets whose work pleases you.

If you are fearful of poetry, you may find it best to begin with what is modern, and work backward; that method has sometimes seemed to me much wiser than the usual, chronological approach. If you wish to adventure into the mists which lie before 1915, *The Penguin Book of English Verse* is a pleasant and unforbidding collection. It has just appeared, and has been much praised in England, because so many critics use it as a springboard for an attack on *The Oxford Book of English Verse*, which it has become fashionable in highbrow circles to despise. I do not consider the Penguin book fire from heaven, simply because it gives fuller treatment to the eighteenth century than is usual, and begins with Wyatt, instead of Chaucer or that tuneful old rascal Anon. And I am glad that it gives plenty of space to Tennyson, who is slighted by critics who have tin ears, and Browning, who is jeered at by critics who have tinsel minds.

But the bargain of the present moment is the five-volume *Pelican Book of English Prose*; you can ramble happily in this collection—which will only cost you $4, or the price of an American novel—and find out what writers of the past have something to say to you. You will meet many with whom you will desire further acquaintance.

The great virtue of this collection is that it is not an anthology of style; its purpose is to show the way in which writers of all kinds used the English language from 1550 to 1880. You need have no fear that you will have to wade through endless rhapsodizing about Nature (that will-o'-the-wisp which has led so many writers into the bog) or self-conscious snippets in which authors have strained their resources in trying to make a fine effect. The stylists are represented, of course, but they are balanced by diarists, playwrights, reporters and story-tellers whose aim is not to stun you with their brilliance, but to tell you something which they want you to know.

This anthology will explode any notions you may have about the dullness of writers who lived two or three centuries ago. It will also kill the foolish belief which I find cherished by so many young people, that sex in literature is a modern innovation; indeed, the frankness of our ancestors rebukes the sickly, bad-breathed bawdry of our modern novelists. These books may have been designed for use as textbooks, but they make no concessions to the supposed chastity of the classroom. They provide in themselves, a splendid introduction not only to the delights of English literature, but also a history of our way of thinking.

The book which I shall name now has no real connection with those that have gone before, but I want to mention it here because it may persuade a few booksellers to read it. *The Brightfount Diaries* is an account of the life of a young man who works in a bookshop—obviously a very good one, of the English variety, and not to be confused with our emporiums of wrapping-paper, wall-paper, English bone China, luggage, playing cards, candles and cribbage-boards. It is a funny, delightful book, and it gives away some of the secrets of the bookseller's craft in a way which I found uproarious. The trade will like it. And I think that buyers of books, who are thus the natural prey of the trade, may be amused to have a look at it, as well.

All About Ourselves, the collected essays of J. B. Priestley—pp. 286—*British Books—$4.25.*

All the Books of My Life, by Sheila Kaye-Smith—pp. 192—*British Books—$3.25.*

The Penguin Book of English Verse, edited by John Hayward—*95 cents.*

The Pelican Book of English Prose, edited by Kenneth Muir—5 vols. *each 80 cents.*

The Chatto Book of Modern Poetry, edited by C. Day Lewis & John Lehmann—pp. 278—*Clarke, Irwin*—$3.15.

The Brightfount Diaries, by Brian W. Aldiss—pp. 200—*British Books—$2.75.*

QUIZ

On British History

by Bergen Evans

Did a real Lady Godiva ride undraped through the streets of Coventry?

Lady Godiva

THE RIDE sounds improbable, but not impossible. The thought of some Saxon Marilyn Monroe exhibiting herself to the lower orders under the pretence of lowering the taxes is appealing—though she did well to reap her fame before Dr. Freud arrived on the scene. A slender thread of validation for the story is that she is always called "Lady", though her husband was an earl. The title "countess" for an earl's wife was introduced by the Normans in 1066, and the retention of the older title suggests that the legend antedates the Conquest. It does give us an interesting angle on the Saxons.

Is the usual presentation of the English kings Richard I and John an unprejudiced one?

Richard I

FAR FROM IT. Richard, "the Lion-Hearted," is a national idol, the pattern of kingly virtue, one of the greatest of English heroes, while John is a rat and a wretched rascal, a villain and a knave. Yet few of her kings have done England as much harm and as little good as Richard. He never spoke English. He was in the country less than one year, all told. He bled the land white to finance the Crusades, in which he sought chiefly his own glory, and to pay the ransom that was, eventually, the price of his own ill temper and overbearing disposition. He was a bad son and a faithless husband, and his habit of speaking equivocally led him to be called, by those who knew him, not the Lion-Hearted but Richard Yea-and-Nay.

John seems to have been every bit as reprehensible as his brother, and much less attractive personally. But at least he stayed in the country he ruled, and his endless conflicts with the barons and the papacy were, one would have assumed, to the advantage of the common people. Magna Carta was extorted from him by the barons, and thereby, as everyone knows, the bases of English liberties were secured; but the barons *thought* they were getting a confirmation of special privilege. And, at any rate, as the grantor, John ought to be honored.

Did Winston Churchill originate the expression "blood, sweat and tears"?

Churchill

NO, THOUGH he gave it its present currency in his First Statement as Prime Minister to the House of Commons, May 13, 1940, when he said, "I have nothing to offer but blood, toil, tears and sweat".

Churchill may have been remembering a reference to blood, sweat, and tears in *An Anatomy of the World* (1611) by that great phrase-making divine, John Donne. It is hardly likely that he would have used it as he did, had he remembered that Lord Byron had also used it, in *The Age of Bronze* (1823) to describe what the Tories wrung out of others.

Did the Duke of Wellington really say that the Battle of Waterloo was "won on the playing fields of Eton"?

Wellington

NO, HE DIDN'T, though every school boy is told that he did.

It is a pity that so great a stylist and so uncompromising a realist should have foisted on him this snobbish, inaccurate and absurd remark. It is true that the Duke attended Eton as a boy, but, according to his great-grandson, the seventh duke, his career there was "short and inglorious", and he never had any affection for the place.

Puzzler

by J. A. H. Hunter

TOM was only part way through the deal when he sneezed explosively: and some of the cards slipped from his hand and fell on the floor. "Heck!" he exclaimed. "I guess that spoils my luck."

But Steve glanced quickly under the table. "They're none of them faced, so pick them up and go right on," he said. "And anyway you only dropped as many as you've dealt to my partner and myself together."

Mike nodded agreement, "We'll take a chance on it as you've still got twice as many undealt cards in your hand as you've dealt me."

Ben said nothing, and so Tom picked up the fallen cards and continued the deal. It was only a game after all. But whose partner was Ben in that rubber of bridge? (32)

Answer on Page 34.

Chess Problem

by 'Centaur'

A MODERN idea in three moves, given much attention in recent years, is the so-called Munich theme. In England R. C. O. Matthews, Oxford, has shown much interest in it and its variety of applications. Last year it was his subject for a lecture in London.

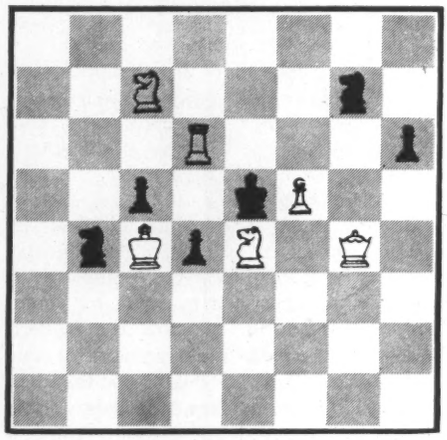
In this theme a black piece prevents a certain mate. Black's first move prevents this piece from defending elsewhere, so that White can deprive himself of the mate mentioned because of being able to force another mate. We give a simple example, with square blocking on both sides:

Solution of Problem No. 149.

Key-move 1.R-Kt5, threatening 2.Q-R6 mate. If R-B6; 2.R-K3 mate. If R-Q5; 2.R-K4 mate. If R else; 2.B-B5 mate. If Kt-Q5; 2.R-K2 mate. If P-R4; 2.R-Kt6 mate. If BxRch; 2.QxB mate.

Problem No. 150, by H. T. Kuner.

White mates in three.



Do You Think So?

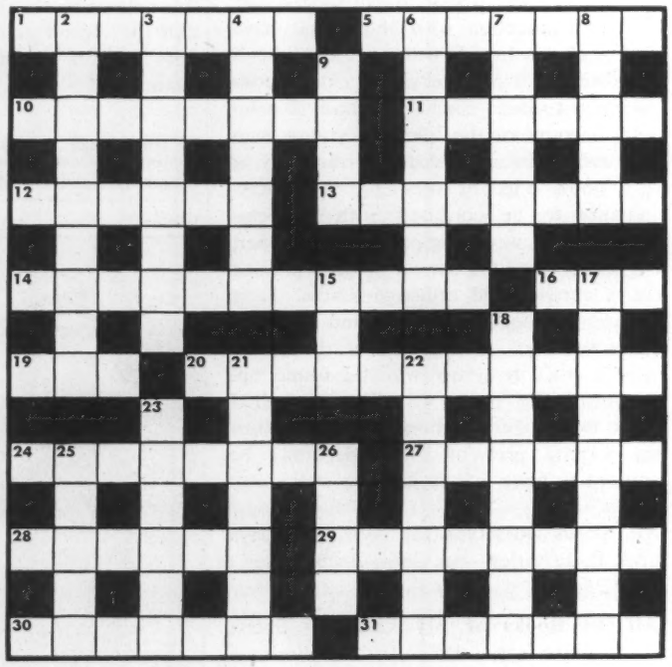
by Louis and Dorothy Crerar

ACROSS

1, 5 Does it stop in its tracks when getting water on the brain? (5, 2, 7)
10 Actress president of financial trust? (8)
11 Is this tie never new? (6)
12 Good ones are popular, especially at cocktail parties. (6)
13 What a mess Anne is in! (8)
14 Bell we've had dismantled, but good! (4, 7)
16 A Gershwin needs a change of 15, for his health, perhaps. (3)
19 Employ in building 20. (3)
20 Set our shoes in them for safe keeping. (11)
24 A deft face may disguise this demeanor. (8)
27 Referring to a 26 last month. (6)
28 A and L, put together, will, in proper fashion. (6)
29 Boston's was a revolting affair. (3, 5)
30 Berry we get stout from? (7)
31 Did the turnkey get into this state being married to his job? (7)

DOWN

2 One must be prepared to be in this. (9)
3 They hold the means of making one's 1, 5 legible. (8)
4 The archbishop's position may look too much. (7)
6 A lot of people grow old! (7)
7 In melodrama it's often before me, villain! (6)
8 Does this exclamation make the Scot a wise bird? (5)
9 Appropriate name for the British P.M.'s gardener. (4)
15 See 16. (3)
17 If it's a diseased joint of ham, cure it differently. (9)
18 Dance as the golfer may do after a bad slice. (4, 4)
21 The English gold piece is certainly this kind of sovereign these days. (7)
22 'e got a laugh out of this, but not for pulling faces. (7)
23 Gull that makes a catfish cry? (3-3)
25 The speaker has it as a matter of understanding. (5)
26 Fruit to keep. (4)



Solution to last puzzle

ACROSS

1 God's own country
9 Evangelist
10 Gout
11 Bass
12 Taper
13 Rugs
14 Behead
15 Reducers
17 Tea table
21 Truant
23 Thor
25 Nicer
26 Town
27 Ache
28 Fatherhood
29 Limited Company

DOWN

2 Obviate
3 Song sheet
4 Whetted
5 Clipper
6 Uttered
7 Tiger
8 Younger
16 Courtship
18 Ethical
19 Benefit
20 Excited
21 Torpedo
22 New Moon
24 Rheum (399)

The March of the Night People

by John Wilcock

A NEW YORK disc jockey will be telling a joke in Swahili tonight. But the number of Swahilis who are listening in will undoubtedly be outnumbered many times by members of a fast-growing band known as The Night People.

There's no concrete definition of Night People, although the disc jockey, 33-year-old Jean Shepherd, has explained, "Night People-ism, like Front Office-ism and Creeping Meatball-ism, isn't a time of day but rather a state of mind. Daytime people believe in switchboards and filing cabinets—they're the real people. We're the excelsiors."

In keeping with their character, The Night People have never been catalogued. Nobody knows how many there are or where to find them. Yet they have power.

The first organized body to doubt their strength was WOR radio station in New York, a Mutual outlet over which Shepherd had been conducting a talk-and-record stint (mostly talk) between the hours of 1 a.m. and 5.30 a.m., seven days a week. What Shep talked about was everything from tattoo marks to the sound of spoons tinkling in a coffee cup. Occasionally he'd muse over whether people still drank champagne from actresses' slippers or whether Rock Hudson would be considered a good actor if he looked like Jose Ferrer.

At any rate, the WOR brass, though they'd originally signed him to an 18-month contract in March, 1955, apparently had had second thoughts somewhere along the line. When the contract came up for renewal WOR didn't take up the option, preferring to fire the steady talker on the grounds that he wasn't "commercial".

Enter The Night People, showing their strength for the first time. In downtown Manhattan in the newly-burned-out John Wanamaker building ("it adds a Charles Addams touch") 400 of Shepherd's all-night fans gathered to protest in what they termed "a final pitiful show of non-strength and disorganization."

At first the police intended to move them along but nobody could be said to be *demonstrating*. As one cop put it (quoted in the *New York Times*): "This is like trying to break up a pack of friendly dogs."

Said Shepherd, at the meeting: "Radio is governed by beliefs rather than thinking, beliefs that are cleverly called ideas. One is that there is such a thing as the average man and that he's 10 years old."

Somebody remembered to tell the papers about the meeting and next morning WOR officials wondered just what they might be passing up. "How can we assess just how big this thing is?" they probably asked each other. And even if no method of assessment immediately presented itself, at least an effort could be made to gain time to find out. "Why not come back again on a week's trial?" they offered.

A couple of days later, Shep was off the air again. During one of his "trial" shows he'd accepted a call from a fan who said, in effect, "Why do they say you can't sell soap? I'll buy any soap you tell me. Go ahead, recommend a soap."

"Okay", replied Jean (he always spells it that way). "Okay, Sweetheart soap's a good product but it doesn't seem to be quite up there. Go ahead and buy Sweetheart."

At about this moment the WOR air went dead and the next voice listeners heard was not Shepherd's. "Technical difficulties", the station said, but explained the following morning that Shepherd was off the air again—this time for good.

Shepherdisms

The Great Disappearance of Things: "I have never consciously thrown away a bicycle or a pair of shoes in my whole life. So where have they all gone?"

Awareness: "Do you think oysters are aware of their own oysterism?"

Choosing a Vocation: "If you had to be a piece of punctuation what would you choose? A comma? A colon? When we last talked about it you'd be amazed at the number of people who wanted to be an exclamation mark. If I had a preference I'd be an asterisk. I'd get a footnote, too."

Cheering Things Up: "Why doesn't somebody hire a plane and go up and make an enormous cartoon by drawing in smoke. A really enormous one: one that would have the whole Eastern seaboard laughing."

Jean Shepherd: Meatball-ism.

It could be expected that a period of comparative calm would follow but WOR had reckoned without *I, Libertine*. The story, in Shepherd's own words goes something like this:

"I got into a discussion one day, long before the trouble began, about those people who pretend to know everything. We thought it might be a good gag to undermine their faith by creating a demand for something that didn't exist. A book seemed fine. We dreamed up a name, *I, Libertine*, and a non-existent author, Frederick R. Ewing, on the spot."

During the subsequent programs the disc jockey—he prefers to describe himself as a "conversationalist"—plugged the book almost constantly, urging people to ask their bookstores for it. There were some immediate results:

Doubleday's New York shop got 27 calls for the book in one morning; a Pan American pilot encouraged his colleagues to plague bookstores for the book in Chicago, San Francisco, Paris, Miami and Finland; a disc jockey in Eastern Pennsylvania gave Frederick R. Ewing the "Burbage Award" for "outstanding historical research" and interviewed the mythical author over the radio (Shep, who has the tape, says "Ewing" spoke with "a slightly irritated British accent"); somebody got the book into the Books-to-be-Published section of the *New York Times*; in Boston somebody typed the book's name on the Legion of Decency's banned list, as a gag, and it got through.

"Friends would call me to tell me that they'd met people at cocktail parties who claimed to have read it," Shepherd explains. "One of the professors at Rutgers casually mentioned the book one Sunday at the literary meeting and said he'd just finished it. When pressed he was evasive about the plot."

At the Philadelphia Public Library, a Shepherd disciple who asked the refer-

Fall and the Future . . .

Whatever the weather nothing seems to end the summer season quite so finally as the return of children to school and the knowledge that for most, vacations have finished for another year.

Except for casual discussions of where to go next year, the relaxed routine of vacations is replaced with more serious thoughts. Savings are checked and consideration is given as to how they should be used.

Putting your savings to work in sound securities is just good common sense. We don't suggest you'll make a fortune overnight, but it is surprising how quickly even a modest sum regularly invested in sound securities builds up to a sizeable amount.

Whatever the amount of your savings, our services are available to you without obligation. At Ames we think you'll find the kind of people you'll like to do business with . . . experienced people who can advise and help you make investment decisions most suitable to your personal requirements.

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ence department for "any information on Frederick R. Ewing" was shown Ewing's name in a card index. Below it was neatly typed the word "Excelsior"—a word that Shepherd would repeat frequently on his radio show.

At Columbia University, a student submitted a review of *I, Libertine* as his thesis. It got a B-plus and was returned by his teacher with the word "Excelsior" on it.

"The thing was really picking up steam by this time," Shep says. "Next thing I know was a call from Ballantine asking if I'd write the book that everybody was asking for. To cut a long story short, I sat down and wrote it, helped by science fiction buff Ted Sturgeon, in about 10 days and Ballantine printed 25,000 copies."

By the time WOR fired Shepherd for the second time, *I, Libertine* had picked up even more steam than its authors realized. An autographing party at a Times Square drug store drew almost one thousand people—presumably Night People. "It was fantastic," the amazed store manager reported. "Some of them were barefoot or in sandals and some bought three copies." Altogether, 800 copies were sold and, presumably due to fast-growing publicity, the book is now in its second printing with going on 200,000 copies sold.

The success of the autographing party — also heavily covered by Manhattan papers—might have been enough in itself to send cold chills up the spine of WOR officials. But there was worse to come. Executives of the Sweetheart Soap company began to get figures on zooming sales immediately following the unauthorized radio plug. The Night People again. Sweetheart's ad agency called WOR with an offer to sponsor a Shepherd show. So did three shops in Greenwich Village (where Shepherd had joined the unpaid staff of an offbeat weekly newspaper, *The Village Voice*), a maker of coffee and the Linguaphone Institute.

The trouble was: where had Shepherd gone? WOR took big ads reading: "Come home Jean Shepherd, all is forgiven. A major soap company wants to sponsor you over WOR."

Shepherd saw the ads but bided his time. Other offers had poured in meanwhile and he wasn't going to commit himself. He did, however, agree—without signing anything—to appear on an indefinite number of Sunday night shows, sponsored by Sweetheart Soap and the Linguaphone Company. (Says Shep: "Sweetheart's a good soap; I spent most of my youth with a bar of it jammed in my mouth.")

The Night People, of course, are overjoyed. They tell him about their ideas and inventions—the Lost Generation Picnic Club, the plan to ghost write books for untalented people, putting their own name on the jacket, and the 15-minute nightly sessions of "unison agony". ("I like that," said Shep, "it's better than community singing.") One listener phoned to report how he'd disturbed the equilibrium of a music shop by dashing in to ask for "The Seltzer Bottle Mambo".

"*The Seltzer Bottle Mambo,* sir?" asked the clerk.

"Yes, by the Excelsior Five, on the Dogmatic Label."

Shepherd himself prefers to reminisce. "Well, there's this man who sits outside of Mammoth Cave in Kentucky and he sells stalactites as souvenirs. But they're not really stalactites. As a matter of fact, they're not even souvenirs of Mammoth Cave; they're souvenirs of Chillicothe, Ohio, where this man has a factory and makes them out of plaster of paris. Everybody knows this, but they buy them just the same."

Knowing that even Night People—in fact, *especially Night People*—suffer from delusions of grandeur, Shep is happy to reassure them by relating his own. "Once I was mistaken in a bar for a Big Man," he recalls. "A really Big Man. Gaunt Rockwell, let's say. Well, what could I do. I couldn't let them down. 'Set the whole house up for hopple popples,' I said, thumping the bar."

And, "Did I ever tell you about the pitfall I met outside Red Bank, New Jersey? Even my mother doesn't know about that; it's one I keep to myself. Every man must have something of his own. Anybody know of a good pitfall?"

Not very long before being bounced, Shepherd groped back into his teens for a really traumatic experience. "Look out for those radishes," he warned. "They're habit-forming. I know, I really know. I used to get all radished up on Saturday nights and reel about and fall down and knock lamps over. No one can help you when you've got it bad; you have to cure yourself. I cured myself. It's been over six months now. I haven't touched a radish since."

Well, that's the story. Shepherd came back on radio—once a week so far—in September, and apart from the earlier time (9.05 pm: "It's an eerie feeling—like waking up and finding you're wearing ermine pajamas") is the same offbeat character.

During his first program, in addition to threatening to learn Swahili by the Linguaphone method and asking his listeners to do the same, he even came up with a new category that might eventually dwarf those of Night People and Day People.

"Creeping turnpike-ism is upon us," he declared. "All these toll-takers who used to be called trolls . . . Soon there'll be only two types of people left in the world —tolltakers and us."

Changes for the Air Traveller

by Logan MacLean

THE WORLD'S airlines this year will carry more than 80 million passengers. By 1961 they will be carrying at least double that number. To handle this increase, nearly all the major lines have launched huge re-equipment programs. The effects will be far-reaching.

Contracts for new aircraft placed during the past 12 to 18 months have a total value of more than $3,000 million. They involve the building of some 1,300 airliners of long and medium range — the equivalent of about 30 per cent of the fleet of commercial transport planes now operating around the world, but with much more than 30 per cent of the total carrying capacity. And more than 800 of the new craft will be turbine-powered.

Only the British Vickers Viscount turbo-props and de Havilland Comet turbo-jets have had extensive practical tests. The Viscounts have been in service for more than three years. The Comets flew for two years before disaster forced their withdrawal. As a result, there are no pure jets in airline service, but more than 300 have been ordered from British, French and American manufacturers even though none of the principal types has gone beyond the prototype flying stage. Prototype or production models of all the new turbo-props, except the Vickers Vanguard, have been flight-tested but a few have had extensive route trials.

The placing of big contracts for largely unproven types of aircraft reveals the anxiety of the airline companies to exploit the potentialities of turbine power. The piston-engine will retain its importance for air transport for a considerable time, of course — for one thing, the aircraft can be delivered faster. Most of the new types will not be in operation until 1959 or '60. But all major development work on aero engines is now virtually confined to gas turbines.

The Comet disaster has not discouraged interest in pure jet propulsion for commercial transport. The jet has the advantage of speed over the turbo-prop — and speed is the air company's biggest selling point. Whether the jet's 30-35 per cent speed superiority will over-ride its higher construction and operating cost remains to be seen. The British Britannia (long-range turbo-prop) will carry 90-95 passengers across the Atlantic in 9-11 hours. The Boeing 707 and DC-8 jet airliners are expected to do the trip in 6-7 hours, carrying 120-150 passengers. But the Britannias will be about 20 per cent cheaper per ton-mile operated for equal payload and range, and they'll cost around $3 million apiece against the jets' $5-6 million.

The faster the plane, of course, the more trips it can make and the more money it can earn over a given period.

The jet airliner now is considered to have a speed advantage of 100-150 mph over the turbo-prop. This gap could widen. Owing to the limits of the propeller drive, the turbo-prop's speed cannot now be raised much above 500 mph.

Many orders have been placed for smaller, medium-range jet airliners — for example, the U.S. Convair 600, the French Caravelle, and the British Comet 4. The Boeing and Douglas jets will also have smaller versions. This indicates that the airlines are confident that the more expensive craft can pay their way even on shorter hauls, through their appeal to the air travellers. The pattern of current orders, however, still indicates a strong numerical preponderance of turbo-props over straight jets.

These developments are important to another segment of business — the oil industry. About 100 turbo-prop airliners are now in regular service, and their total consumption of turbine fuel is easily met —less than half a million tons a year. The total free-world consumption of this fuel is close to 16 million tons a year, most of it by military aircraft (3 million tons more than the consumption of aviation gasoline by all piston-engine planes), but the amount will increase rapidly as the newly ordered airliners come into service. A jet of the Boeing 707 type will burn up better than 2000 gallons an hour; for a non-stop trans-Atlantic flight it will have to carry a fuel load of nearly 70 tons. A Viscount consumes around 3,000 tons a year. Meanwhile, according to the authoritative Petroleum Press Service, "there is little prospect of any significant contraction of total demand for aviation gasoline in the foreseeable future", but "the sharp step-up in the total volume of turbine fuel production, in conjunction with the possible need for developing new types of turbine fuels, may involve significant modifications or innovations in process techniques."

Principal Types of Turbo-Airliners

	To enter service	*Seating capacity†*	*Speed Range (m.p.h.)*	*Numbers ordered‡*
Turbo-jets				
Boeing 707 (U.S.)*	1958/59	150	500 to 600	90
Douglas DC-8 (U.S.)*	1959/60	150		120
Convair 600 (U.S.)	1959/60	100		40
de Havilland Comet 4 (U.K.)	1958/59	75		35
Caravelle SE-210 (France)	1958/59	90		50
Turbo-props				
Vickers Viscount (U.K.)				
Series 700	in Service**	50	300 to 450	345
Series 800	1956/57	70		
Vickers Vanguard (U.K.)	1960/61	115		20
Bristol Britannia (U.K.)				
Long-range	1956/57	93		55
Short- to medium-range	1958/59	133		
Lockheed Electra (U.S.)	1958/59	80		130
Fokker Friendship (Netherlands)	1957/58	36		45

*Some to be powered by U.K.-built jet engines. **Since 1953; about 130 Viscounts, including some of Series 800, delivered to date. †Approximate maximum capacity for tourist-class accommodation. ‡Approximate orders at mid-August, 1956.

Coverage for Young Sportsmen

by William Sclater

WITH MANY thousands of young people playing such strenuous games as hockey and football there is, inevitably, a plethora of what the insurance underwriters call "unavoidable injuries".

These can be crippling financially as well as physically to youthful athletes, whether they are playing in a commercial, industrial or scholastic league. As high-cost premium coverage is beyond the reach of the vast majority of this youthful market, the problem of the underwriters is to provide a reasonably sufficient coverage at premium rates which the average team in the various categories can afford to pay.

The approach to this problem by some of the big underwriters is through the "team" angle and on a group coverage basis. There are no names. The policy is devised to insure all the playing members of a team against all injuries suffered, without limits as to the number of injuries per player or per team throughout the season.

Two good modern low-cost plans of this type for hockey teams are illustrative. Both offer a $500 maximum for each injury benefit on a blanket medical basis, plus a $500 accidental death benefit. One is on a "full benefits" premium rate, the other on a $25 deductible basis.

All types of injuries are covered, from sprains, dislocations and bruises to fractures and strains, with blanket medical costs for hospital, doctors, nurses and surgery up to the limits allowed. It is an open contract, effective for the entire season and gives coverage during all competition and practice games and also while travelling under approved team auspices.

Rates for senior and junior A teams would be $575 for the deductible plan. They would not be eligible for the full benefit plan. Senior and Junior B and C teams would pay $400 premium for the full benefits plan, and $250 for the deductible plan, approximately.

Intermediate and teams playing more than 20 league games would be rated at $300 for full benefits and $195 under the deductible. Industrial and house league teams playing less than 20 games would pay $150 for full benefits and $100 for deductible.

Where all players were under 17 the rates would be $100 and $65 per team. Under 16 they could probably be written at $1 per head.

It is a simple system, with one contract and no names. All playing team members are covered and any physician may be called to give treatment. Exclusions to the policy are reasonable and legitimate. They include dental treatment involving artificial teeth; dental X-rays; masseur treatment and eyeglasses and prescriptions for these. Another exclusion is for injury riding as a passenger in any vehicle or device for aerial navigation. Team members on authorized travel by train or auto are covered, however. There is also an expense allowance up to $20 for injury to whole, sound or unfilled teeth.

That these rates are far from high is illustrated by the experience of the underwriters last year when the loss ratio under this type of policy was over 92%, a long way into the red.

Better averages are hoped for this year but sports insurance is chancy business. The exposure hazard varies widely and averages are hard to come by. For junior teams playing rugby football one underwriter offers blanket medical of $250, with full benefits for $157.50 premium per team on the group no-name basis. Accidental death benefit can be purchased at $10 per thousand.

With a $10 deductible the rates would be $134. With $25 deductible the premium is $111. Intermediate teams would pay more, being rated at $253 for full benefits and $215.50 and $178 for the $10 and $25 deductibles.

It is the group type of coverage, spreading the risk over a number of people with similar exposure to the hazards which makes possible the lower cost premium. A good example of this is found in the ski injury coverage offered to ski enthusiasts along with their club memberships in many cases.

Individual coverage, while it may give more, also costs more. An individual blanket medical, subject to a $10 deductible and good for a sum of $500 per injury, would cost approximately $10 per year, and would include $1,000 accidental death benefit and other benefits for loss of limbs or eyesight.

Experience shows clearly, however, that "unavoidable injuries" are many and some kind of coverage is very sound practice. These are available through the Special Risks departments of the big insurers for practically any type of sport, including even stock car racing.

STETSON *"Shaped-to-wear"* HATS

The grandest advance in hat-making in years—and it makes hat-*buying* a pleasure! Stetson "Shaped-to-wear" hats are made completely ready to wear *at the factory*. All you have to do is select your style-favourite and wear it—proudly—out of the store! *All* "Shaped-to-wears" incorporate traditional Stetson style and value. P.S.: Of course, you can still buy Stetsons *to be creased* to your taste in the store.

Stetson prices: $9.95, $11.95, $15 and up

Mallory Hats (Canada) Limited — a member of the Stetson Group of Companies —also has its own smart line of "Shaped-to-wear" hats.

AQUANIZED STETSON

Stetson Sterling "Shaped-to-wear"

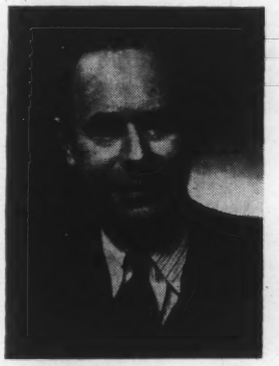
Family-Built Tradition

His family has been well known in Canadian business for over a century. Only 44, he is president of Canada's largest wholesale textile company and a chain of 35 retail stores. He is one of Toronto's outstanding community leaders.

PRESIDENT of Canada's largest soft-goods wholesale company is a slight 44-year-old executive whose family name has been well known in Canadian business circles ever since the medium of exchange was pounds, shillings, and pence.

The proud guardian of this business heritage is David Mason Woods, President of Gordon Mackay and Stores Limited, which has over 35 retail outlets, two warehouses, and 19 sales offices across Canada.

Essentially a wholesale and distributing business, Gordon Mackay and Stores comprises subsidiary companies such as the Walker Stores (35 retail outlets across Ontario), Gordon Mackay Eastern Limited which maintains a large warehouse in Eastern Canada, and the Western Division with sales offices in every major western city.



David Woods

During the two years David Woods has been president, the business has been expanded and operations modernized. In community service, too, he has been prominent. Last year he served as President of the Toronto Board of Trade, and previously as vice-president of the Community Chest of Toronto.

Success in business and community work has been an old story in the Woods family. In fact, it has been going on for two generations. His colorful grandfather, who was knighted during the First World War, and his father, who was president of the company for twelve years, were outstanding citizens as well as prosperous merchants. Recitals of Toronto's history contain many references to the Woods family and the Gordon Mackay Co.

David Woods is keenly aware of the tradition his family has built. He has been well-trained for his dual role as businessman and community worker. Born in Toronto in 1912, he completed his high school education at Upper Canada College in Toronto and Ashbury College near Ottawa. He then enrolled at the University of Toronto where he graduated with a Political Science degree in 1934.

After graduation he worked for two years as assistant machine fixer at York Knitting Mills in Toronto. He then joined a firm of business consultants, where he analyzed sales studies—"that experience provided me with a wonderful background for my present post".

In 1938 he became assistant sales manager with the Gordon Mackay Co.

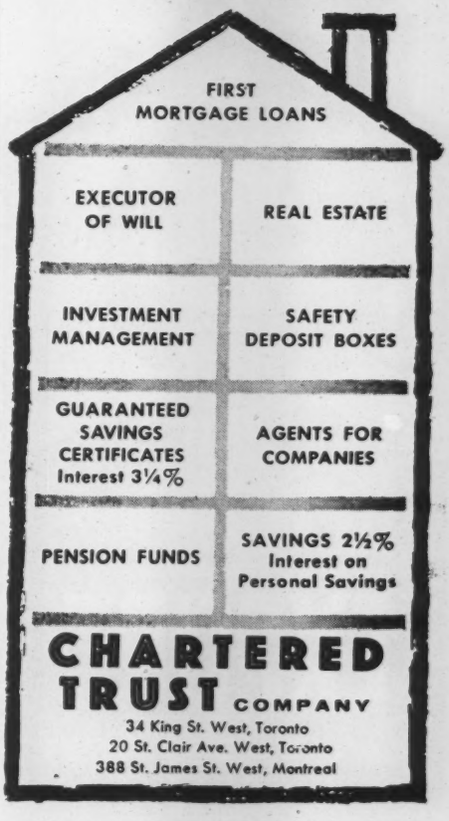
At the outset of World War II, he enlisted in the Canadian Army and went overseas in 1942 with an armored unit. After a series of transfers and promotions, he was assigned to Canadian Army Headquarters in Holland. He was there, with the rank of Captain, when the war ended. Demobilized, he rejoined the company as assistant sales manager. After moving up to sales manager, he was appointed vice-president in 1948. Six years later, he became president of the firm.

It is important, he believes, for executives to have definite goals and company plans. Next month he will see one of his goals reached. The entire Toronto operation will leave their 85-year-old building in downtown Toronto to move into a new warehouse and office building (143,000 square feet) on the outskirts of the city.

When David Woods is not attending meetings at the St. Christopher Settlement House (he is honorary chairman) or at the YWCA (he is a member of the advisory board), he usually relaxes in his "small but comfortable home" in Toronto's north end with his wife, Joyce, and their three children.

He is an ardent sportsman who enjoys fly-fishing and boating during the summer. He has a cottage at Lake Simcoe. He likes golf and tries to shoot "a respectable game". He loves to "dabble in oils", and though he is modest about his ability as an artist, one of his paintings recently hung in the Conference Room of the Toronto Board of Trade.

"all under one Roof"



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THE CANADIAN BANK OF COMMERCE

Dividend No. 279

NOTICE is hereby given that a dividend at the rate of thirty-five cents per fully-paid share on the outstanding Capital Stock of this Bank has been declared for the quarter ending October 31, 1956, payable at the Bank and its branches on November 1, 1956, to shareholders of record at the close of business on September 29, 1956.

By Order of the Board,
N. J. McKINNON,
General Manager

Toronto, August 30, 1956

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Gold & Dross

Opemiska

How can a price of $16 a share be justified for Opemiska, which earned only 41 cents a share for the first half year? Twenty times earnings seems high for a mine. — C. H., Peterborough, Ont.

A price of 20 times earnings is admittedly high for a company operating a wasting asset. In the case of Opemiska, market valuation reflects the hope of continued expansion of the ore picture, which the operation has so far experienced. Adding to the company's chances is the prospective reduction of cost of shipping out concentrates as a result of the new railway to Chibougamau.

Since the company is controlled by Ventures, floating supply of stock is lower than would otherwise be the case.

Labrador M & E

Could you recommend shares of Labrador Mining and Exploration as an investment? —D.A., Winnipeg, Man.

Definitely not, as an investment, although one might concede certain speculative attractions over the longer term. Current market valuation is amply discounting the possibility of earnings which can be realized over the shorter period.

The company is controlled by Hollinger and has a large, high-grade iron property in Labrador. Ore has been shipped out for the past two years over the new Quebec, North Shore railway line which the Iron Ore Co. of Canada built from the iron ranges to the port of Sept Isles on the Lower St. Lawrence River. Here the ore is trans-shipped by water, largely to the steel centers around the Great Lakes. Completion of the St. Lawrence Seaway is expected to result in lower shipping costs.

The IOCO railway and mines development represents an outlay of some $250 millions and reflects an anticipation of a long life for the mineral deposits. IOCO mines ore from Labrador M. & E. and other properties on a royalty basis. Labrador M. & E. derives income from three sources: royalties from IOCO, dividends on IOCO shares and profits from mining operations on properties not leased to IOCO. Consequently, earnings are hard to estimate. Net of $1,960,282 was realized from 1955 operations. This is the equivalent of only 59 cents a share and would have to swell considerably to justify recent market price of the stock, especially since the company is dealing with a wasting asset.

The outlook for iron ore sales is, however, quite bright. IOCO expects to ship 12 million tons in 1956 versus 8.5 million in 1955 and Labrador M. & E. is participating in the increase. The market judgment concedes the possibility of Labrador's earnings for 1956 and 1957 being used for development of its retained properties. This would preclude the payment of dividends until 1958 or later.

Sheep Creek

What is the reason for Sheep Creek ore reserves at the Mineral King mine declining some 60,000 tons in the company's latest year of operation? — W.M., Barrie, Ont.

Sheep Creek publishes only figures of positive ore, which is above the No. 3 level, and gives no estimate of possible ore below this level. All reserves to date are above the No. 3 but the orebodies are being developed by a long, low-level crosscut on the No. 7 level and this will be followed by raising up to the No. 3.

Some shareholders have been critical of management for failing to give figures as to possible ore in the block between No. 3 and No. 7 levels, especially since management was sufficiently intrigued with the possibilities to order the development project.

It would, however, be more in order to congratulate management for pursuing a conservative policy in not "counting chickens before they are hatched." Management also deserves kudos for the tenacity with which it pursued possibilities of other properties following closure of the original gold mine.

Until ore in the new block can be shown in the positive category, extraction of ore above the No. 3 will continue to reflect in lower reserves unless operations above this level encounter fresh ore.

Normetal

What is the explanation of the high yield on Normetal, 10%, whereas some other metal-mining stocks are not even yielding 5%—C.G., Kingston, Ont.

Paying 15 cents a share quarterly plus a year-end extra, it can be assumed that Normetal distributions for 1956 will at least equal the 68 cents a share disbursed in 1955. The stock has been selling around $7. Net profit in the first half of 1956 was 43.6 cents a share or at a slightly better rate than the 83 cents registered for all of 1955. Since depreciation charges are only nominal, net profit is practically the same as operating profit.

The company produces ore from its Abitibi County copper-zinc mine at a rate of approximately 350,000 tons a year. Ore reserves at the end of 1955 were estimated at 2,675,100 tons, an increase of

487,000 tons over 1954. This is about eight years' mill feed, whereas shares of some other metal mines are backed by indicated ore reserves of many more years than this. It is, however, worth noting that the eight years' ore expectancy is a minimum one and mining experience has frequently resulted in productive life extending considerably beyond indications. For example, Waite Amulet had only four or five years ore reserves for several years but by persistent exploratory drilling (the property looked like a piece of Limburger cheese) ran into a fresh ore deposit which is prolonging its life by several years.

Normetal ore reserves, it might also be noted, do not include all the ore indicated in the block of new levels from 4365 to 5165 feet.

The company is in a financial position to pay practically all its earnings out to shareholders. Net working capital at the end of last year was $5.2 millions. Outstanding are 3.75 million shares.

The attractiveness of the current indicated yield to the investor depends partly on his personal tax brackets. The market valuation appears to rest largely on anticipated dividends over the next seven years so the stock would have its greatest potential for people in low tax brackets.

Normetal is controlled by Mining Corporation and something has to be allowed for the chance of the parent company using it as a vehicle for participation in other ventures.

MacDonald Mines

Can you offer any encouragement to shareholders of MacDonald Mines? — W. F., Chatham, Ont.

MacDonald Mines' main asset represents an interesting, if unspectacular, attempt to win profits from a large, marginal zinc deposit with an unusually high pyrite content.

The company holds a 49% interest in West MacDonald Mines, incorporated on the western portion — 940 acres — of the original MacDonald property in the Rouyn district.

West Mac is under the management and control of Noranda Mines and commenced production a year ago. Output is 1,000 tons of ore a day. This is shipped 5½ miles to the mill of the Noranda subsidiary, Waite Amulet, for treatment on a toll basis. West Mac was able to chalk up its first profit in June: $2,000. It is, however, hoped that earnings will improve when the company starts stoping ore richer in zinc.

Underground work and drilling at West Mac indicated in the No. 1 orebody about 9 million tons of 3% zinc and 78% pyrite plus an equal tonnage

The Cobbler's Children...

Remember the cobbler who hadn't time to mend his children's shoes? Some people find themselves in a similar position with their investments. Busy at work, they haven't time to attend to personal matters.

We can be of assistance to such investors by providing them with a record of their investments showing the essential particulars of each security and, where desired, suggestions for improvement in security, income and appreciation.

This is one of our services. If you would like us to do this for you, simply telephone our nearest office.

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THE TORONTO MORTGAGE COMPANY

QUARTERLY DIVIDEND

Notice is hereby given that a dividend of $1.25 per share upon the paid-up Capital Stock of this Company has been declared for the current quarter, and that the same will be payable on

1st OCTOBER, 1956,

to shareholders of record on the books of the Company at the close of business 14th September, 1956.

By order of the Board.

CHARLES J. PETTIT,
Manager

September 7th, 1956.

BRITISH COLUMBIA POWER CORPORATION, LIMITED

DIVIDEND No. 12

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that a dividend of thirty-five cents (35¢) per share on the outstanding Common Shares of the Company has been declared payable 15 October, 1956 to shareholders of record as at the close of business on 26 September 1956.

The transfer books of the Company will not be closed.

By Order of the Board.

G. G. WOODWARD,
Secretary.

Vancouver, B.C.
6 September, 1956.

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for FALL PLANTING

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BARBERRY SHERIDAN RED	18-24 in.	$1.40
JAPANESE QUINCE	18-24 in.	.80
SILVERLEAF DOGWOOD	18-24 in.	1.40
FORSYTHIA SPRING GLORY	2- 3 ft.	.90
HYDRANGEA P.G.	2- 3 ft.	1.20
BEAUTY BUSH	2- 3 ft.	2.20
LILACS in variety	2- 3 ft.	3.60
FLOWERING ALMOND	2- 3 ft.	2.80

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THE ST. CATHARINES STANDARD

ST. CATHARINES, ONTARIO

Attention: Mr. W. B. C. Burgoyne

running as high in pyrite but somewhat lower in zinc.

Content of zinc in ore mined has been running only 2¼% to 2½% so some betterment is possible in production. This has been running around 500 to 700 tons of zinc per month plus 18,000 to 20,000 long tons of pyrite. Costs are said to be less than $4 a ton mined, including $2.20 for milling. The company calculates operating economics on a basis of 6½ cents a pound for zinc. The seven cents differential between this and the market price of zinc metal, 13½ cents, represents freight, refining and selling charges.

MacDonald retains the eastern 1200 acres of its original property, plus claims in the Rouyn and other districts and an interest in an exploration company.

The company's outlook is largely tied to the chances inherent in the marginal West Mac operation. These could improve if the price of zinc advanced. And something has to be allowed for the proportions of the indicated reserves of West Mac.

In Brief

There has been a good deal in the papers regarding a merger between Copper Cliff Cons. and New Royran. Would this be a good thing? — K. F., Montreal, Que.

Copper Cliff and New Royran had previously agreed to merge portions of their two properties in the Chibougamau area. Reasons for combining all their assets are tax advantages and other management and operating economies.

Is there any connection with J. M. Consolidated shares I hold and New Jaculet and Copper Cliff?—B.L.B., Peterborough, Ont.

Yes. A series of juggling of capital now give you shares in Chibougamau Jaculet (trading at $5.85) and Copper Cliff (at $4.25). Better get in touch with the transfer agents and get your shares exchanged.

What is the status of Cons. Fenimore Iron?—B.L., Sherbrooke, Que.

Currently re-examining the possibility of getting into production.

Is Beaupas Mines doing any mining?—J.J., Calgary.

Not that we can find.

Do you consider Wesley Gold Mines a reasonable buy? I am only a small man and need capital appreciation.—R.A., Victoria.

No. It's a long-shot gamble like hundreds of other similar operations. Definitely not for a "small" man.

Does Olga Gas have any value?—D.C., Leaside, Ont.

Only as paper.

Crusader on the Coast

by Naomi Lang Letallec

Alderman Anna Sprott of Vancouver.

"I SUPPOSE I'm the first great-grandmother ever to contest a civic election in Canada," says Alderman Anna Sprott. "My friends tell me that I should soft-pedal this great-grandmother business and stop reminding venerable old gentlemen that I taught them shorthand 30 years ago. But I say 'Fiddlesticks!' Age is a matter of the heart and the arteries. It has nothing to do with birthdays."

Alderman Anna can't be hurried. Neither can she be deflected. Once she gets her teeth into a civic problem of any kind, she hangs on like a bulldog until something happens. The women of Vancouver have reason to thank her for her tenacity. Mrs. Sprott likes women and instinctively sides with them, perhaps because she feels they're at something of a disadvantage in what she considers essentially "a man's world".

"I have great faith in women and I think they have faith in me—they've always given me tremendous support," she says proudly. Possibly that faith is founded on the growing conviction that whatever Alderman Anna wants for her fellow women, Alderman Anna gets — eventually.

Back in 1952, for instance, she started plumping for sanitary milk bottle tops which would cover the pouring rim and protect the bottle from germs during travelling and handling. Nobody paid much attention but Alderman Anna started writing letters to the papers, addressing women's organizations, bringing the matter up on any and all occasions—"and generally making a Grade A nuisance of myself". Gradually public opinion built up solidly behind her. Use of sanitary milk bottle tops is now law in Vancouver.

Alderman Anna's tenaciousness is a direct legacy from her grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. James McGill, young school teachers from the North of Ireland, who raised 10 children on a stony little farm in the township of Cavan, east of Peterborough, Ont. Aside from cooking, washing, ironing, raising sheep, carding and dyeing the wool, raising flax for her own linen and making every stitch of clothes for her family of 12, Grandmother McGill found time to agitate for a school in much the same quiet and determined way in which her granddaughter is currently agitating to make Vancouver Canada's greatest all-year-round wheat port.

Many women years younger than Mrs. Sprott would quail at her average working-day. But with the McGill blood charging through her veins, she goes blithely on attending Council meetings, making speeches, working for women's clubs, running her home, giving parties, keeping in touch with more than 100 regular correspondents and tossing off all manner of extra chores from finding a layette for a needy expectant mother to arranging proper burial for the daughter of an Indian chief and writing personal notes on nearly 600 Christmas cards.

Widowed 13 years ago after 25 years of a marriage "packed with joy", Mrs. Sprott says she found her husband had left her with "a lapful of interests". These included Sprott-Shaw Business Schools, of which she is the former head of teaching staff and present president, a radio station, a school for training wireless operators and her "family". This family comprises her daughter, Mrs. Phyllis M. Stewart of Point Roberts; two beloved granddaughters, Ann Mary and Dale; her adopted daughter, Mrs. Willis; and Miss Beth Ramsay, a former WAC officer "who came to stay with us while she was taking her teacher's course—that was 13 years ago".

What with her clubs and her work at City Hall, her "lapful of interests" is even bigger today. She sits on more committees—eleven—than any of her fellow aldermen and ever since she has been at City Hall she has been Social Service

Broadloom and Orientals, television set and antique planter blend comfortably.

A white marble lamp supported by Grecian figurines casts a soft light on Mrs. Sprott's exquisite collection of Dresden.

Chairman—"it's a natural for a woman". But Alderman Anna feels that women have a contribution to make in every phase of government, which is, after all, "just an extension of housekeeping".

Mrs. Sprott has worked mightily in women's clubs. A charter member of the Soroptimist Club of Vancouver, she is also past president of the American Federation of Soroptimist Clubs and co-founder of the Vancouver Venture Club, a sponsored junior group of Soroptimist, the largest women's service club in the world.

She has served as primary and municipal regent and as provincial president of the IODE and is now hospitality convener for the province of BC and a member of the national executive as well as a life member of national, provincial, municipal and primary chapters.

She is a founding member and past president of the Vancouver Business and Professional Women's Club, past president of the Lady Laurier Club, first vice-president of the Women's Liberal Association of BC, a life member of the National Council of Women, and a member of the Royal Vancouver Yacht Club, the Vancouver Women's Canadian Club, the Point Grey Golf and Country Club and Vancouver's exclusive Georgian Club.

Just as interested in clerks as in clubwomen, in youth as in old-age pensioners, Mrs. Sprott defies all the rules of the celebrated hostess and manages to make her home one of the most eagerly visited in Vancouver. "I like to bring the people I like together—whether they come from the same stratum of society or have the same interests, or not."

"Mother's really impossible," Mrs. Willis chimes in. "When we have a party we not only have Liberals but Conservatives and CCF'ers, not only doctors but chiropractors, not only the mayor who's just *won* the election but the one who has just *lost* it. And more often than not, we only have a vague idea who all are coming. All three of us, Mother, Phyllis and I, just go on asking people to drop in until we've quite lost track. In one way, *all* our parties are surprise parties."

When Mrs. Sprott is faced with a really heterogeneous group she always finds something which will give her guests a common interest. Entertaining for the Los Angeles conductor, Paul Kirby, when he made a guest appearance with the Vancouver Summer Symphony, she invited Symphony people, new Canadians whom she knew were interested in music, social leaders, old friends. To break the ice, she took her guests on a tour of her new house, acting on the premise that "everybody's interested in a stove".

Actually everybody was interested in everything in her lovely grey brick home, which combines modern comfort with old-world warmth. "Tralee" has a bomb shelter in the basement and an ancient prayer chair in the entrance hall. There is an up-to-the-minute burglar alarm system and

A grandfather clock and Chinese chair dominate the hall.

Mahogany and old silver gleam in the dining-room.

The den, done in knotty pine, leads out to a flower-bright patio.

priceless Dresden and quartz and jade. There is a steel dishwasher in the kitchen and 16 table-settings of Crown Derby in a beautiful mahogany cabinet in the dining-room.

Mrs. Sprott is the kind of hostess who dares to put a television set cheek by jowl with a fourteenth-century planter, to cover the grey wall-to-wall broadloom of her many-windowed living-room with rich-hued Persian rugs.

Strangely enough, it all works. The room-picture reflected in the enormous mirror over the fireplace in her living-room is warm with interest, from the grand piano in one corner to the goddess of plenty and protection, Kwan Yen, in exquisite pink quartz.

The grandfather clock in the open hall off the living-room has its echo in a smaller, hand-made "grandmother" clock in the dining-room, with its leaf-patterned walls. One end of the dining-room is entirely filled with a massive mahogany sideboard, its entire top gleaming with silver —a silver "spoon warmer", a tea set from Utah, a solid silver and crystal decanter which British Columbia's first governor, Sir James Douglas, used to lock with a tiny key he carried on his watch chain.

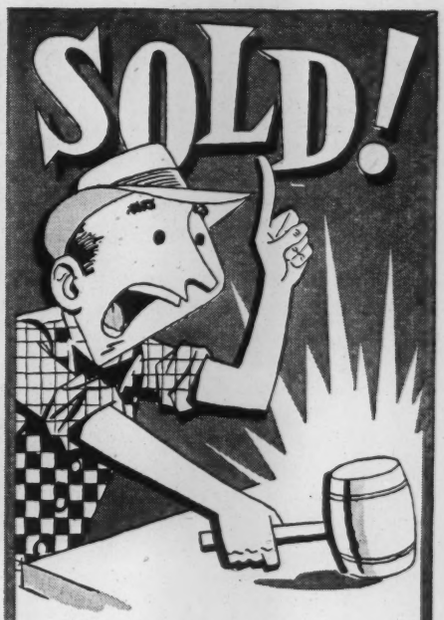
Leading into a pink-tiled bathroom and a blue-grey dressing room, Mrs. Sprott's bedroom is more of a bed-sitting room, with its fireplace, chaise longue, books and pictures.

"Tralee" is as comfortable as a modern penthouse, as interesting as a museum. But it isn't the plumbing or the antiques that keep people dropping in.

"To me, there's something special about each person that I know and like," Alderman Anna says, "and perhaps it gets across to them. Perhaps when they come to Tralee they *feel* special.

"I hope so anyway. It's a good way to feel," says the woman who has herself become "special" to a host of Vancouverites in every walk of life.

Jacobean furniture and a bedside "intercom" are typical of Mrs. Sprott.



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Letters

Organized Sport

Cheers for Brian Cahill and his criticism of the over-organization of children's sports. It must have taken courage to write the article, because anyone who doesn't conform to the current craze for organization of the youngster's whole life is regarded as either moronic or subversive . . . Apart from the stupid way most of the local associations conduct themselves, there is another criticism. Most of the organization is concerned with children between the ages of eight and thirteen — the years when they are not running the streets, getting into bad company and running the major risk of juvenile delinquency. These dangers come in later years, between the ages of fourteen and eighteen. Yet how much effort is put into organizing leagues and playing areas for the teen-agers who, far more than their juniors, need outlets for their tremendous energy? Let the neighborhood organizers think about this problem . . .

SASKATOON — R. J. CURRELLY

Little good can come of such an article as that written by Brian Cahill about organized neighborhood sports. It is wholly destructive, failing to give any credit to the important and inspiring job done by active men in their communities to provide youngsters not only with places to play sports but with the instruction and organization necessary to give them knowledge of what the sport is all about and of what is meant by team and community spirit . . . It is these neighborhood associations that have taken boys off the streets and helped them build strong bodies and minds, prepared them for competition they will face in later years, taught them to fight hard but clean. The fact that Mr. Cahill's own boy doesn't relish such competition is no argument against what the associations are doing. . .

NORTH BAY, ONT. — JOHN WILENSK

Sane and Scientific

Your approach to the case for fluoridation of drinking water is sound reasoning. No doubt you could have added several more questions . . . not scientifically discussed with the public. I should like to add three: How much do poorly planned diets contribute to the incidence of tooth caries? Can fluoridation of drinking water be safely and simply performed in the home of the individual desiring the stuff? Is it not through intake of foods grown on fluoridated land rather than through the direct consumption of chemical fluorides that the incidence of tooth caries is reduced?

EDMONTON — J. A. FOORD

You must be short of material to try to revive the tired controversy over fluoridation. The volume of scientific evidence in favor of fluoridation is overwhelming. It has the approval of virtually every doctor and dentist in the country. In the face of this, surely opposition is more stubborn ignorance than anything else . . .

WINNIPEG — T. D. CARLING

Editor's note: Not ignorance — simply a reluctance to be rushed into a program of mass medication without thought for social as well as medical consequences.

Governor General

It is an unbelievably long time, when I come to think of it, since I have seen a letter . . . of such utterly bad taste as that from Mr. Perrault, referring to the next Governor General of Canada—who, you suggested earlier, should be a citizen from some other member of the Commonwealth.

TORONTO — A. TASSIE

. . . On the subject of our next Governor General, very much appreciated Henri Perrault's comment . . . My wife and I were just discussing this subject, and her thought (which is usually right) was that some Indian Chief should be named . . . The war heroes and the intellectuals were all right, in their respective tenures, but now please let us get down to something closer to home.

LEASIDE, ONT. — DUNCAN CAMERON

. . . This cheap, smart-aleck approach to the subject of appointment to the office of Governor General is deplorable. When one speaks of the office in derogatory terms, one is in effect speaking of the Queen—and even a republican of good taste would refer to the Monarchy with some respect. Any discussion of possible candidates for the office should be on the highest plane . . .

OTTAWA — JOHN A. FRANCIS

High Fidelity

Having read the articles of Messrs. West and Thomson on the various aspects and virtues of hi-fi, may I point out a danger which Mr. West seems to have omitted and that is: no matter how faithful hi-fi may reproduce sounds, it is definitely not a substitute for music "in the flesh".

Now, this is not to say that recordings have not their place, they have . . . However, this does not relieve us of the danger into which many a hi-fi enthusiast seems to fall and that is evaluating musical works via their sets and seldom attending live concerts.

Music is a vital and dynamic art and by restricting our ears to only recorded music, no matter how well-performed, the art of music becomes void and static . . . True music requires that spontaneous, dynamic and reciprocating audience-performer relationship, which I am afraid hi-fi cannot offer. It is strictly a one way affair . . .

VANCOUVER — HARRY LOCKE

Football Moaners

Trent Frayne's recent article reflects the new line taken by eastern sports writers on western football. A few years back, after a series of eastern Grey Cup victories, their cry was to scrap the annual fixtures as it really was no fun anymore—the east always won. Now after two western wins the easterners are eagerly looking for an excuse and have come up with a scapegoat—the split-T . . .

All this worry over what the split T is doing to football is apparently confined to Toronto and points east, and is really a little silly when the average fan, who does like to see his team win, has difficulty telling the split-T from the double wing-back without a program.

SWIFT CURRENT, SASK. — J. F. POLLEY

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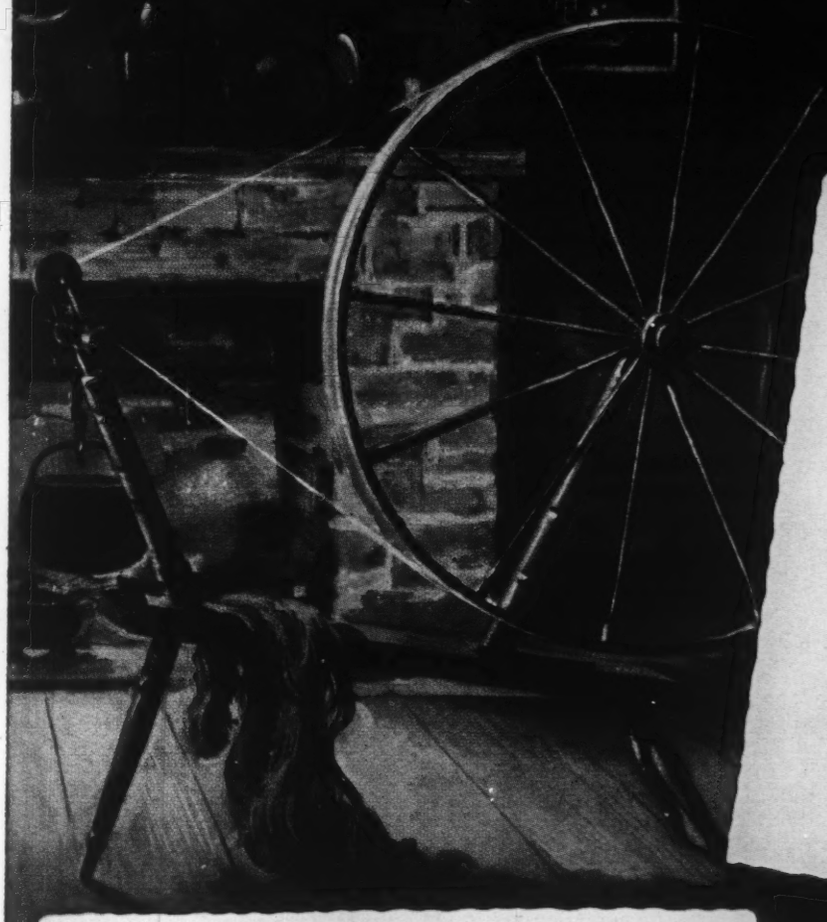

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